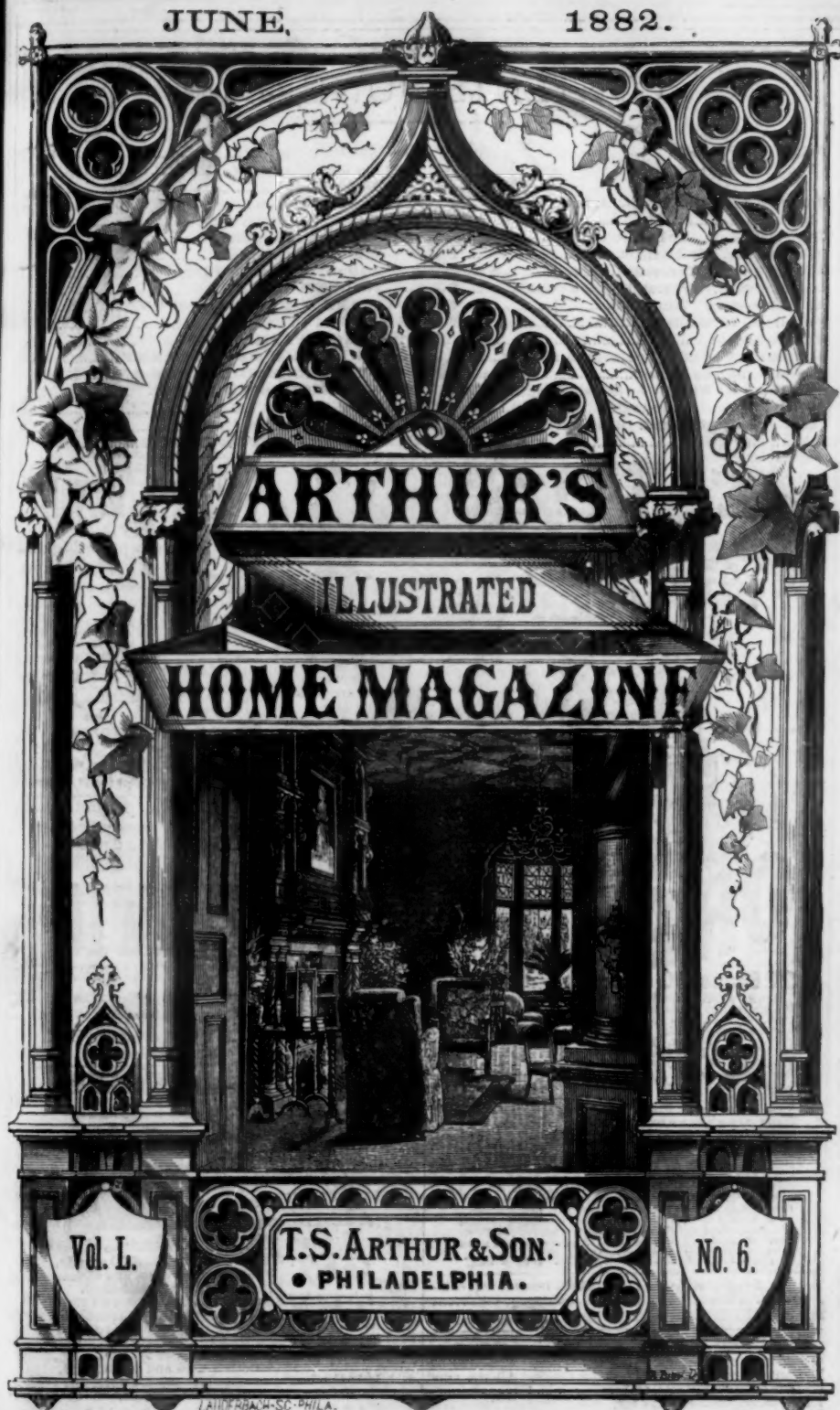


JUNE,

1882.



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FASHIONS FOR JUNE, 1882:

Prepared expressly for ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE, by THE BUTTERICK PUBLISHING CO. [Limited].

FIGURE NO. 1.—LADIES' COSTUME.

FIGURE NO. 1.—Being summery and coquettish in appearance, this costume is especially beautiful for garden-parties and other out-door fêtes in the country or at the sea-side. It is made of figured mull, soft, airy and delicate in effect, and its garniture of lace, puffs and ribbon is novel, pretty and stylish. The skirt is short, round and four-gored and is decorated to the belt, at the back, by overlapping flounces of the material edged with frills of rich Moresque lace. Upon the gores is arranged a stylish drapery, which comprises two portions that are softly wrinkled by plaits in the upper and side edges, crossed in wing fashion over the center of the front and then rounded away with a handsome effect. The edges of the drapery are bordered with frills of deep lace, and the portion of the gores not concealed by the drapery is covered with baggy puffs of the material and frills of similar lace. The puffs are four in number and of medium depth, and each has a frill of lace falling over its top. A frill of lace also encircles the foot of the gores, and the result is exceedingly dainty. The waist is of the round, plain style, seamless at the center of the back, and is rendered quite ornamental by a plaited fichu of the material edged all around with lace. The fichu is crossed



FIGURE NO. 1.—LADIES' COSTUME.

upon the bust, and the fastening of its ends is concealed beneath the ribbon girdle, which is knotted

The bonnet is of fine straw, with its brim underfaced with velvet. Plumes decorate it handsomely.

to the elbow, and are prettily decorated with lace and ribbon bows. In the pattern the neck of the waist is high and is completed with a standing collar, but in this instance is turned under to fully display the surplice-like disposal of the fichu. The pattern to the costume is No. 8084, is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure, and costs 40 cents. It will be much admired during the Summer season at all country and seaside resorts, and is adapted alike to thick and diaphanous textures. Swiss muslins, mulls, floriated sateens and the various novelties in cotton goods are especially pretty made up in this way; and the decoration will usually be lace, handsome embroidery, ribbons, puffs, ruffles or some similar airy garniture. Surahs, satins, etc., in delicate and sober colors, are also charming for the mode, and will receive similar ornaments.

The pretty shopping-bag is of *moiré*, and is a dressy and convenient accessory to any toilette. Its drawing-strings will usually be pretty ribbons or thick silk cords. Embroidery or hand-painting may be lavished upon it with pleasing results, and lace or fringe may further embellish it. The pattern to the bag is No. 8087, which is in one size, and costs 10 cents.



8077

Front View.

LADIES' WALK-

No. 8077.—The drapery of this in disposal, as the label accompanying the pattern is in 9 sizes for ladies' use. To make the skirt, without hem size, will require $11\frac{1}{2}$ yards of goods 48 inches wide.



8083

Front View.

8083

Back View.

CHILD'S COSTUME.

No. 8083.—This costume was made up in plaid gingham. The pattern is in 5 sizes for children from 2 to 6 years of age. For a child of 5 years, it needs $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of goods 22 inches wide, or $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard 36 inches wide, or $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard 48 inches wide. Price of pattern, 25 cts.



8077

Side-Back View.

ING SKIRT.

This skirt is novel in effect and simple in design, as the pattern explains. The pattern is in 9 sizes, from 20 to 36 inches, waist measure. To make the trimming, for a lady of medium size, will require $11\frac{1}{2}$ yards of goods 22 inches wide, or $5\frac{1}{2}$ yards 36 inches wide, or $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards 48 inches wide. Price of pattern, 35 cents.



8090

Front View.

FIGURE NO. 2.—CHILD'S COSTUME.

FIGURE NO. 2.—This consists of costume No. 8083. The pattern is in 5 sizes for children from 2 to 6 years of age, and costs 25 cents. For a child of 5 years, it needs $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards 22 inches wide, or $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard 36 inches wide.

LADIES' WALKING SKIRT.

No. 8090.—This pattern is in 9 sizes for ladies from 20 to 36 inches, waist measure, and may be made up in any preferred variety of material. To make the skirt for a lady of medium size, will require $8\frac{1}{2}$ yards of goods 22 inches wide, or $5\frac{1}{2}$ yards 36 inches wide, or $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards 48 inches wide. Price, 35 cents.



8090

Side-Back View.



8051

Front View.

LADIES' WALK-

No. 8051.—This stylish pattern is military blue color. To make the skirt 8 yards of goods 22 inches wide, or 4 is in 9 sizes for ladies from 20 to 36



8069

Front View.

8069

Back View.

CHILD'S COSTUME.

No. 8069.—This pattern is in 5 sizes for children from 2 to 6 years of age. To make the costume for a child of 5 years, $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of material 22 inches wide, or 2 yards 36 inches wide, or $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard 48 inches wide, will suffice. Price, 25 cents.



8051

Left Side-Back View.

ING SKIRT.

made up in a cloth-like suiting of a for a lady of medium size, will require yards 48 inches wide. The pattern inches, waist measure. Price, 35 cents.



8063

Front View.



FIGURE NO. 3.—CHILD'S COSTUME.

FIGURE NO. 3.—This consists of costume No. 8069, which may be made up in any preferred material. The pattern is in 5 sizes for children from 2 to 6 years of age. For

a child of 5 years, it needs $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of material 22 inches wide, or 2 yards 36 inches wide. Price, 25 cents

LADIES' WALKING SKIRT.

No. 8063.—The pattern to the walking skirt illustrated in these engravings is in 9 sizes for ladies from 20 to 36 inches, waist measure. To make the skirt for a lady of medium size, will require $8\frac{1}{4}$ yards of goods 22 inches wide, or $5\frac{1}{2}$ yards 36 inches wide, or $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards 48 inches wide. Price of pattern, 35 cents.



8063

Side-Back View.



8096
Front View.

LADIES'

No. 8096.—This pattern is in 13 bust measure. In making the coat diam size, $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards of material 22 wide, or $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard 54 inches wide,



8087

LADIES' SHOPPING-BAG.

No. 8087.—The above engraving illustrates a pretty shopping-bag made of cardinal satin and trimmed with Macramé lace and ribbons of the same bright hue. Silk, satin, cashmere, satinette, etc., are the favorite materials for the construction of shopping-bags, and the decoration may be selected according to the material and the toilette it is to accompany. The pattern is in one size, and calls for $\frac{1}{4}$ yard of goods 18 inches wide. Price, 10 cents.



8096
Back View.

COAT.

sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, as here illustrated for a lady of medium size, or $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard 48 inches will be required. Price, 30 cents.



8057

Front View.

LADIES' WRAP.

No. 8057.—One of the handsomest modes of the season is here represented as made of brown plaid cloaking. The decorations are very tastefully selected, being simple, yet stylish. Any variety of seasonable cloaking, as well as mohair, linen, pongee, etc., may be made up in this style, with such garnitures as may be preferred. The pattern is in 10 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. It will require 8 yards of material 22 inches wide, or $5\frac{1}{2}$ yards of goods 36 inches wide, or $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards 48 inches wide, to make the wrap for a lady of medium size. Price of pattern, 35 cents.



8057
Back View.

**8052***Front View.***LADIES'**

No. 8052.—This basque is here. The pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies. To make the basque for a lady of wide, or $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards 48 inches wide,

**8053****LADIES' WRAP.**

No. 8088.—This stylish pattern for a wrap is in 10 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. It is made up in fine camel's-hair in the present instance, and decorated with knife-plaitings of the material. In making the wrap for a lady of medium size, $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of material 22 inches wide, or $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard 36 inches wide, or $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard 48 inches wide, will be needed. Price of pattern, 25 cents.

LADIES' COSTUME, WITH REMOVABLE TRAIN.

No. 8091.—As explained in the title, this pattern also provides a train which may be added to the short costume when a reception or dinner toilette is desired. The arrangement of two contrasting fabrics is well explained in the present engravings. The pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. To make the walking costume, without trimming, for a lady of medium size, requires $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of plain material and $8\frac{1}{2}$ yards of brocaded goods 22 inches wide, or $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of plain and $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of brocaded 48 inches wide. The train requires $6\frac{1}{2}$ yards of brocade 22 inches wide, or $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards 48 inches wide. Price of pattern, including the train, 50 cents.

**8052***Back View.***BASQUE.**

made up in a fine checked suiting, from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. medium size, $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards 22 inches will be needed. Price, 30 cents.

**8091***Front View.***8091***Back View.*



8061

Front View.

GIRLS'

No. 8061.—This cloak is cloaking in the present in-sizes for girls from 3 to 9 7 years, it will require 4½ wide, or 2½ yards 48 inches



FIGURE NO. 6.—GIRLS' BLOUSE COSTUME.

FIGURE NO. 6.—This consists of costume No. 8078. The construction is decidedly novel, but not at all difficult; and the shape is especially commendable for washable materials of all kinds. The pattern is in 7 sizes for girls from 3 to 9 years of age, and costs 25 cents. For a girl of 7 years, the costume requires 5 yards of goods 22 inches wide, or 2½ yards 36 inches wide, or 2½ yards 48 inches wide.



8061

Back View.

CLOAK.

made up in a stone-gray stance. The pattern is in 7 years of age. For a girl of yards of goods 22 inches wide. Price, 25 cents.



8089

LADIES' OVER-SKIRT.

No. 8089.—A prettily designed over-skirt, having a round *tablier* front and a full back-breadth, is here represented. The pattern is in 9 sizes for ladies from 20 to 36 inches, waist measure, and will develop handsomely in all varieties of suitings and wash goods. To make the garment for a lady of medium size, will require 4 yards of material 22 inches wide, or 2½ yards 36 inches wide, or 2 yards 48 inches wide. Price of pattern, 30 cents.



8081

MISSSES' WALKING SKIRT.

No. 8081.—The above engraving illustrates a novel and stylish form of walking skirt. The front-gore is covered with knife-plaitings of the material, and the back-breadth is laid in lengthwise plaits. The pattern is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age. To make the skirt for a miss of 11 years, will require 5½ yards of material 22 inches wide, or 2½ yards of goods 36 inches wide, or 2 yards 48 inches wide. Price of pattern, 30 cents.

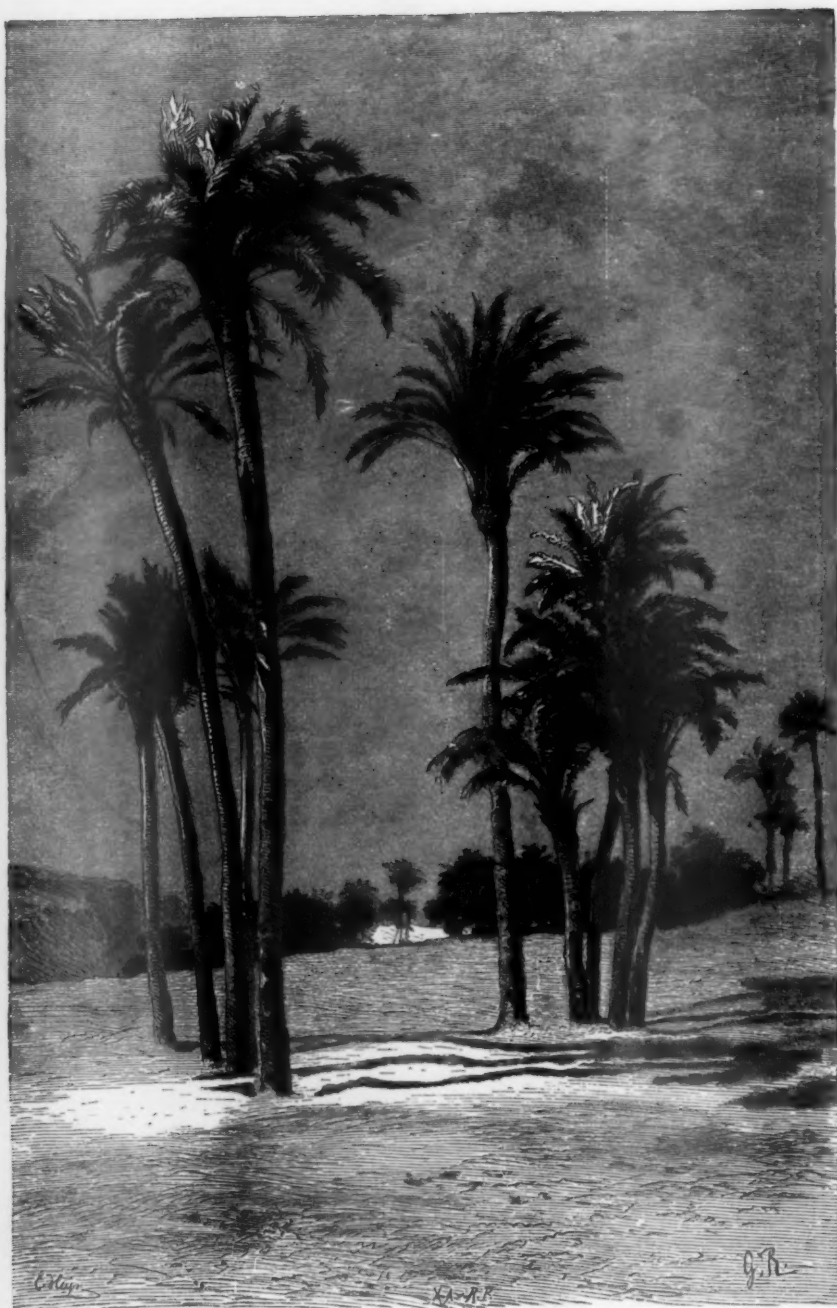
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THE EGYPTIAN PALM.—Page 540.

ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.

Vol. L.

JUNE, 1882.

No. 6.



BROWN-EYED MAIDEN.

MY brown-eyed maiden, come tell to me
With look so earnest, what is it just now?

No laughter ripples your lip just now,
No shadow rests on your peaceful brow.

Save shadow of quiet wish to know
Whither the stream of your life may flow.

Above the crown of your flowing hair,
Rests another crown with blossoms fair.

Not fairer the flowers you wear to-day,
Than the bloom of youth, which may not stay.

VOL. L.—23.

Your eye is earnest, but is not sad;
Your face is peaceful, yet is not glad.

Tell me, then, maiden of gentle mien,
Of beautiful lip and brow serene.

What is it awakens this wistful look,
As if reading the page of unwritten book?

Does the unfolding of life your bosom swell
With thought, you would like its pages to tell?

You answer me with never a word—
May I tell you, then, what my soul hath heard?

That stream of life which was late but a rill,
Rippling and purling, through meadows at will,

(331)



THE EGYPTIAN PALM.—Page 240.

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(331)

May sweeten the fragrance of bloom on its brink,
While the thirsty, its waters cool may drink :

And widening ever, while flowing along,
May murmur a most melodious song ;—

Swelling, it may on its bosom bear
Burdens of others, reposing there ;—

Richer the region through which it may pass,
Flowing still onward to see its crevasse ;—

Till, at last made deeper by rain from above,
It may sweep into ocean of infinite love.

Blossom of maidenhood, bloom most rare,
With a sweet odor embalms the air ;—

'Tis the gladdest, saddest, loveliest thing,
That passes us by on fleetful wing ;

But the greatest boon it ever contains,
Is, when leaves are blown, what still remains—

The growing fruit that may ripen yet,
Ere summer-sun of your life has set ;—

A vintage of blessing to all who pass,
And drink its wine from the crystal glass—

The glass transparent, that you may give,
With helping hand of the life you live :

Such fruit will be garnered in heaven's store,
For helping here, is helping evermore.

The book of your life may have gold-edged leaves
Record of what your effort achieves,—

A beautiful story it may tell—
Story of life that has been lived well ;

But while, as the story runs along,
Here and there may be strains of song ;—

Think it not strange if there comes to you
Blur of some tear-drops, sorrow's sad dew.

If the story be tender, thoughtful, kind,
Such as shall help and enrich the mind ;—

If your written life be crowned with love,
Such as, if pure, must come from above ;—

If its pages be decked with loving deed,
As the soul of the hungry, your life shall feed ;—

If its letters be traced in colors of light,
Commingling of soft, and warmer and bright ;

Then you will write, ere your life is done,
A volume useful—a beautiful one :

A book to be read in the world of light—
The golden city that knows no night.

MRS. A. L. WASHBURN.

THE MINER'S RIDE.

I WISH that I could tell this story in the inimitable manner in which it was told to me, by the daring miner himself, but as that is impossible, I will give it as well as I can.

"I was tired that night ; all the forenoon I had been climbing up the steep sides of the mountain, and working with pick and shovel all the afternoon, breaking off pieces of rock, and shoveling snow out of my way, for, although it was on the 2d day of July, I was far above the snow-line, and although some of the old miners told me that my claim would never amount to anything, on account of the difficulty of getting to it, I was not going to be discouraged by an obstacle like that, and I knew that I had struck one of the richest veins in that region.

"I worked hard until four o'clock in the afternoon, then thinking I would have only time to reach camp before dark, I started to return. I had come a long, roundabout way, climbing up steep places which required all my strength to make the ascent, and I was wishing for some easier way to get down. While picking my path slowly and laboriously, I came to an otter slide on the side of the mountain. It was more than a mile in length, and it occurred to me that if I could go down on that, as the otters do, I could save a great deal of climbing. Perhaps you don't know what an otter slide is ? These animals make places on the sides of a mountain, or on the banks of a river, by plunging into the water, then sliding or crawling down a chosen descent, until they have made it almost as smooth as glass, then they will slide for hours, like a lot of playful school-boys on a hillside.

"To have climbed up would have been impossible, but I thought that if an otter could go safely down, I could ; so I cut a spreading bush that grew at the top of the slide, and using it after the manner of a hand-sled, I started. The first part of the descent wasn't very steep, and I slid along beautifully. I wore a pair of long Mexican spurs, and I steadied my course, and kept from going too fast by sticking them into the ground. It was the first time that I had rode on anything but a pony, or a mule, for many months ; and I tell you I enjoyed it just then, and thought I had not only saved a long and wearisome descent, by which I could come every time, but found the means of easy transportation for my gold when it should be dug from my claim.

"But after awhile the slide grew steeper, and my speed gradually increased until I was going at the rate that must have rivaled a lightning express. I dug my spurs madly into the ground, but I might as well have tried to stay my course after having started over the falls of Yosemite.

"Rocks and trees shot past me as if they had

been fired from a cannon, and I began to think that traveling like lightning might be well enough, if it wasn't for the limited facilities for stopping.

"I cast a rapid glance ahead to see how much farther I had to go, and there, standing right on the edge of the slide, and looking up as if waiting for me to come down, was an enormous grizzly. Whenever you see a bear it is when you are not looking for him. I don't know whether my hair raised so as to lift my hat from my head or not, but away it went, and in spite of the cool breeze that was blowing in my face, the sweat dripped from my forehead.

"I tried to give a war-whoop that would frighten him out of his wits, but the high rate of speed took my breath so that I could not have scared a rabbit. I would have given all my interest in the whole mining region to have been safe in camp once more; but instead of that, I was bearing right down toward the grizzly like a small avalanche, while he stood and looked up at me calmly and complacently, as if I had been a quarter of venison which some kind friend had sent down for his supper.

"It would astonish you to know how many things flashed across my mind during the minute and a half that I was sliding down toward that bear. I didn't care a cent for all the gold in the mountains. I reflected that mining was a sort of gambling anyhow (you know I promised never to gamble), and I concluded to quit it, and devote the remainder of my life to good works; but I made up my mind that the probable amount of good which I would be able to accomplish would be to furnish one good meal for a bear, and before I had time to calculate whether I would be enough for a good square meal or not, I struck him just back of the shoulder, knocking his feet out from under him, and going right on down the slide, only I rolled the rest of the way, and the bear rolled too. I knew that if I came in his way his weight would crush me to atoms, and if the ride was exhilarating before, the race was positively exciting now. I never practiced for a circus performer, but if any expert can turn more rapid somersaults, or any more of them than I did in the next ten minutes, he's worth something to his profession; and a disinterested observer would have thought that bear was a trained acrobat.

"We reached the foot of the slide at last; and it seemed to me that I should never stop rolling after I was down, but I came to a state of rest at last. I was never so completely tired out in my life, but I managed to raise my head and look around to see how the race had agreed with the bear. He lay perfectly still for a few moments, then slowly raised his feet, and casting an angry, disappointed glance at me, as if I had been more than he bargained for, he limped away with a complaining growl.

"I laid there until some of the boys came along and carried me into camp, for I was too badly bruised to walk. They followed the bear and killed him a short distance from the spot, and we reversed the order of the feast; and I am sure that I helped to eat him, with quite as much satisfaction as he would have experienced in devouring me.

"Ever since that day the sight of cards, or an invitation to drink or play, always brings to mind the sensations which I felt, and the resolutions which I made between the time of first sighting that grizzly and striking him in the side, and I invariably decline taking a hand in anything I would not like to think about on a similar occasion."

ISADORE ROGERS.

IN A HORSE-CAR.

A HORSE-CAR may be likened unto this merry, troublesome world of ours, as it moves on its journey, filled with all sorts of people traveling in the same direction. Some are happy and contented in spite of the bumping and thumping that the car so often makes, and the rougher the road the merrier is their laugh, and the more do they enjoy the smooth, even places when the car passes over them. But some at every little bump and jump, utter a surly growl, and a few, I am sorry to say, often swear a little—generally to themselves. Others simply look miserable, and when presently they reach the smooth, even road they neither appreciate nor enjoy it, because they are so constantly thinking of the uncomfortable places that the car must pass over again.

Many have only a short distance to go, and their journey is done; others ride a little longer, and still others travel such a very long distance that they grow tired and disheartened, and think their journey will never be finished.

Did you ever study the faces of the different people in a horse-car? Some faces are very easy to read, but others hide their true selves behind a mask. Come and let us examine curiously the occupants of this car, and see if we can discover the really pleasant and unpleasant ones.

Yonder in the corner nearest the door is a rosy-cheeked maiden from the country; this is her first visit to the great city; and sitting close beside her is a young man—evidently her young man, by the way in which he holds one corner of her shawl tightly in his hand as if afraid that she would wander away and so get lost.

Opposite this couple sits a young lady, her white cheeks and heavy eyes forming a painful contrast to those of the country girl, but nevertheless the young lady looks pityingly at her happy-faced neighbor as she notes the unfashionable cut of her garments, the coarse, heavy shoes, and the poor,

little hat which bears unmistakable evidence that it has been trimmed at home; and the city belle draws closer her robes of silk and fur, and glances down admiringly at her tiny feet encased in dainty kid boots.

But when they both leave the car, the young country girl will walk with light footsteps in spite of her heavy shoes, while the step of the fine city beauty will be heavy and slow.

Here is an old gentleman with such a genial face that it does one's heart good just to look at him. Ah! we can guess why he is so good-natured and smiling; it is because of those numerous packages he is carrying, which contain, not tiresome scientific puzzles, but sugar-plums and knickknacks for his little grandchildren, who are even now eagerly watching for the home-coming of Grandpapa.

Here sits a working-man. What a cross, surly face he has! We wonder if he is going to carry that unpleasant look home to his wife and little ones; but see! a sweet-faced girl sitting next to him, touches his arm lightly; the driver is busy and does not notice her and she wishes the man to please stop the car; at the touch, he turns and looks crossly at her, but when he hears the little word "please," the surly look vanishes; we made a mistake, that was all; he had a disagreeable-looking mask on, and at a pleasant word, he quickly cast it aside.

But here is something which we seldom see nowadays—a young mother with her babe in her arms. We look in vain for the white-capped nurse; but she is not here, for the little mother thinks too much of her precious baby to trust it to the care of a servant. We see that she can well afford a nurse, for her robes are rich and costly.

Here, in the centre of the car, is sitting a lady of an uncertain age; she looks as if she might be the aunt that Holmes thought about when he wrote:

"My aunt! my dear unmarried aunt!

Long years have o'er her flown;

Yet still she strains the aching clasp

That binds her virgin zone."

And then he writes:

"That her hair is almost gray;"

and he wonders:

"Why will she train that winter curl

In such a spring-like way?"

And here is sitting a young fellow of some five and twenty years; just such a grand, big boy as any mother might be proud of; and we can see that he is tenderly cared for, too; his gloves are neatly darned in many places, and on one of the sleeves of his coat is a little gray patch, put on so nicely that you will have to look twice before you can discover it; he is not really handsome, but his eyes are truthful and honest; and his lips, just faintly hidden under a brown mustache, are both firm and sweet.

Sitting near him, is a young man who appears to be about the same age, but the day will come, we fear, when he will cause some mother's heart to ache sadly. Many persons would call him handsome, but his gray eyes are constantly wandering, as if half-afraid to look steadily at anybody, or anything, and the lines about his finely formed lips are weak and yielding; his hands, clothed in fashionable yellow kids, are very small; they show that work and he have never been firm friends.

The car is fast filling now, and so when a young lady enters, there is no seat for her; she is very plainly, almost shabbily dressed, but in spite of that she looks the lady.

She is so tired; and she glances around in the vain hope of finding a resting-place. The young man with the yellow kids sees her, but she is too poor a looking little body to give one's seat to, he thinks. Presently some one touches her shoulder, and turning quickly, the young girl is motioned to a vacant seat. She thanks the young fellow gratefully, and we see that we were not mistaken: he is truly a gentleman, and when we turn and look again at the young man who selfishly kept his seat, we see something like a sneer on his handsome face.

Now the car stops again, and again a young lady enters; she is richly dressed in silk and velvet, and scarcely has she entered the car, when the young fellow, now grown generous at the sight of rich clothes, quickly gives his seat, and waits eagerly for some word of thanks for his good deed, but there is silence, the lady says nothing, and the young man deserves nothing and gets it.

So the car travels on, carrying its load of good and bad, sweet and sour; but if we ate nothing but honey and sweetmeats, we would not relish them at all, for it is the unpleasant faces that makes us value the pleasant, good-natured ones.

HAMILTON.

FORBEARANCE.—It is in our daily associations with other people, whether in society, in business, or at home, that we are in the deepest need of forbearance. We are irritated at many things, and seem goaded on to utter bitter words, or spiteful allusions, or stinging repartees. We see error so plainly that we long to crush it out by violent means, or we see faults in others which seem to merit our severest rebuke. Or, we are suffering under some real or fancied unkindness or injustice which we burn to resent, and which appears to us to warrant the sternest indignation. The forbearance which, while enduring these heart-burnings, can yet enforce silence on the lips until the hot emotions have had time to cool, and have been brought to the bar of reason and judgment, commands our respect and admiration.

ANTIQUE SPOONS.*



N the history of domestic implements it may not, perhaps, be generally known that the simple and homely spoon boasts a position of considerable antiquity, and has, at one period, at least, of artistic excellence, been the subject of considerable ornamental skill on the part of its producer. We are accustomed to think of our more remote ancestors as supplying themselves with food in the most natural, not to say barbarous, fashions. Even the elegant Ovid, in his "Art of Loving," written two years before the Christian era, gives the injunction—

"Carpe cibos digitis."

We must, however, leave to the learned antiquary the task of finding the exact date at which the invention of such instruments took place, and the name of the country in which their use was first introduced. Certain it is that two kinds of spoons were known to the Romans. One, figured in our initial, they called a "cochlear," because they used the point of the handle to draw nails and mussels out of their shells, the bowl serving for eggs,

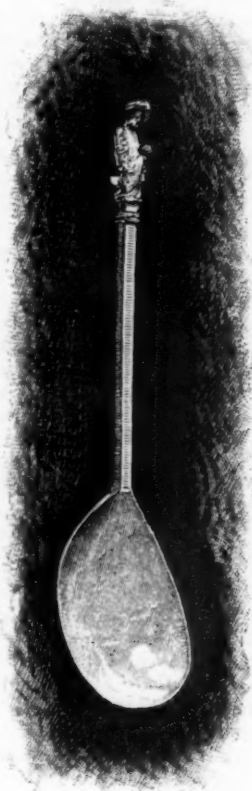
jellies, and other aliments of little consistency. Copies of three ancient silver spoons are given in

the Museo Borbonico of about the size of a dessert-spoon, one of which is a cochlear with round bowl and point, the other two being of oval shape, and with round handles. Another Roman spoon, with a bowl of oval shape, may be seen in the interesting collection of antiquities at Mayence, carved in bone or ivory, and actually possessing the familiar "rat-tail" hereafter to be mentioned.

My object in the present paper is to give some idea of the development, artistic and other, of the spoon in more modern times; and my task, I may note, is rendered easy by the presence of the hallmark to be found on English specimens in silver, which is, when legible, an infallible guide as to the year of their manufacture. In fact, as a general rule, every English piece of plate of the last four hundred years is both signed and dated, being stamped with the initial or initials of the maker, as well as a letter of the alphabet indicating the year of its origin.

In the Middle Ages there are proofs of the existence of spoons as far back as the thirteenth century; but these were, no doubt, for the most part, of wood, or of pewter. The fork, however, was not in general use till after the time of Elizabeth.

It must be a matter of common experience among those who are acquainted with the study of antiquities in the provinces, that objects of art whose origin has pretensions to a more or less remote date are almost invariably referred to the time, if not to the possession, of one of four rulers of England—Queen Elizabeth, Charles I, Oliver Cromwell, or Queen Anne. These seem to constitute the great popular landmarks of history, for the preservation of whose memory tradition has as yet done more than Education Acts and School Boards. But, however unfair it may seem, to ig-

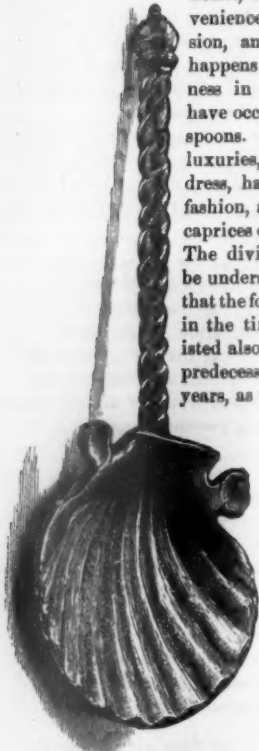


APOSTLE SPOON (1).

* Magazine of Art.

more the claims of other monarchs to the credit of works of art produced in their time, there is, no doubt, much sense and convenience in the above division, and it is one which happens to approach exactness in the changes which have occurred in the form of spoons. For plate, like other luxuries, such as jewelry and dress, has been the sport of fashion, and subject to all the caprices of that fickle goddess. The division, must, however, be understood in this sense: that the forms which prevailed in the time of Elizabeth existed also in the reigns of her predecessors for a hundred years, as well as for a genera-

tion to other countries of Western Europe. The specimen in question is even historical, and is known to collectors as the "Pudsey Spoon," having been given to Sir Ralph Pudsey by King Henry VI, together with his boots and gloves, after the rout at Hexham. This spoon is now preserved at Hornby Castle, Lancashire, by a descendant of Sir Ralph Pudsey. Its pedigree is declared to be undoubted; and in proof of its authenticity it bears the royal badge of a single rose engraved on the top of the handle, which resembles a common seal with six sides. The form of spoons from this time down to the Restoration varies only in the designs affixed to the points of the handles, but differs in every respect from the modern type. Thus, the bowl is pear-shaped;



BRONZE SPOON (2).

tion or more afterward. The second division, which begins rather with the Restoration than the Commonwealth, is of much shorter duration, ending with the death of Queen Anne, in 1714; and then we come to another distinct period of some fifty years, extending to the third quarter of the last century. It now remains to consider the distinctive shapes that belong to each of these divisions of time.

We are told by Mr. Cripps, in his valuable work on "Antique Silver," that "the most ancient piece of English hall-marked plate in existence is a simple spoon," bearing the date of 1445-6, in the reign of Henry VI. This year falls within the great epoch of the Renaissance in Italy, whence taste and culture spread so rapidly



SEAL-TOP AND MAIDEN SPOONS (3 and 4).

the stem is firm and solid as a pillar; and the handle is either a plain round knob or ball, or any carved device into which the skill of the

maker could convert it. We find, for instance, the figure of an apostle, the head and shoulders of a maiden, a lion *sejant*, an owl, a pomegranate, an acorn, a diamond, a scallop-shell, or, most commonly of all, a seal. The character is, therefore, highly ornamental and pleasing to the eye, without any loss of utility, and is quite in harmony with the decorative and artistic fashions of this very interesting period.

Fig. 2 is a solid bronze spoon about fourteen inches in length, too massive to be comfortably raised to the mouth, but very serviceable for heavier work. It probably belongs to the fifteenth or sixteenth century. One may easily conceive that a barbarian of the lowest state of intelligence, being in want of such assistance as a spoon supplies, might avail himself of a shell to serve his purpose; and it would need no great amount of ingenuity to apply to this something in the form of a handle. The specimen here figured, then, embodies this idea, the bowl being fashioned like a scallop, and attached to a strong spiral handle which ends in a solid knob somewhat in the form of a crown. Fig. 1 is taken from a genuine apostle spoon of the time of Elizabeth, bearing the date 1587, the personage of St. Peter being identified by the attribute of the key. It should be remarked that there is always one peculiarity about the London-made spoons of the first or Elizabethan period. This is, that the interior of the bowl is stamped with the leopard's head, a hall-mark which runs through the whole series of English plate, but which in the later times was invariably placed on the back of the handle. This so-called leopard's head, however, is really the face of the grand old English lion: the name of leopard having crept in from the use of the heraldic French "*leopard*" in ancient documents, and meaning no more than a lion figured and seen full-face. The likeness to the British lion is, however, so striking that a cursory inspection will prevent any zoological confusion. It should be added that even in the days of the Commonwealth the head is adorned with a crown, which only disappeared from the hall-mark in the year 1823. Fig. 4 is a very graceful spoon, adorned at the end with the bust of a maiden. This bears the date of the ninth year of James I.

The remaining specimen (Fig. 3) is generally known as the seal-top spoon, a name which explains itself. A large number of these are now exhibited at the South Kensington Museum, and they are the least rare of the various forms belonging to the period, having been made down to the end of the Commonwealth. This particular spoon, however, was not made in London, but at Exeter, and is stamped with the principal mark of that town. Instead of the lion, or "*leopard's*" head inside the bowl, we find the letter X, still surmounted by a crown; while in the place of the

usual marks at the back of the stem the name of the maker, "*Radcliff*," appears in full—a silversmith who is known to have worked in that important city of the West in the latter years of Charles I. The full names of other makers are also known to have been stamped in this way, and a spoon with a lion *sejant* in the possession of the writer bears that of "*Wade*." But such marks are exceptional and rare, signature by initials being the rule. Another kind of handle, which was made, perhaps, more frequently in the time of Cromwell than before it (though known also in the early years of Elizabeth), consists of a plain stem cut off obliquely at the end, as if with one stroke of a knife, in an iconoclastic fashion, the ornament at the end thus completely disappearing, without any alteration to the bowl. The change which occurred at the Restoration affects every part of the spoon; but any notice of this, or of other and subsequent transformations, would lead us far beyond our present limits.

OUT OF THE SHELL.

OUT of my shell! what a marvelous change!
What glorious sights! what wonderful space!
And all this while my imprisoning home
Has been poised in midst of this grander place!
And I in the dark with this light around,
In silence shut with such harmonies near.
There feeble and curbed in such limits barred!
So strong, and unfettered, expanding here!

What did I know in such dim, narrow sphere
That pressed me around, upon every side!
For if I but stirred in outreaching dream,
Lo! a wall, instead of horizon wide!
For still vaguely I felt the world beyond,
And beat restless wings 'gainst inclosing cell,
In fancies of soaring to other states,
Each one but a larger and brighter shell!

Just a touch when the hour had come at last,
And my house of bondage fell all away!
Then, with opened vision and plumed for flight,
I came forth, new born, to this cloudless day!
Out of my shell! Was I ever confined
Such a weary time in that shattered vase?
What a dungeon frail to enthrall growth!
When endless realm to this freedom displays!

O soul of man, like a bird in the shell,
Thus encompassed by glowing world unseen,
Thou, too, midst eternity's circling light
In thy prison of flesh hast folded been!
When moment of death deliverance gives,
Then only thou knowest the truth of life,
How small and cramped was thy dwelling of clay,
The infinite round with what glories rife!

SARAH BRIDGES STEBBINS.



IN BLOSSOM-TIME.

IT'S O my heart, my heart!
To be out in the sun and sing;
To sing and shout in the fields about,
In the balm and blossoming.

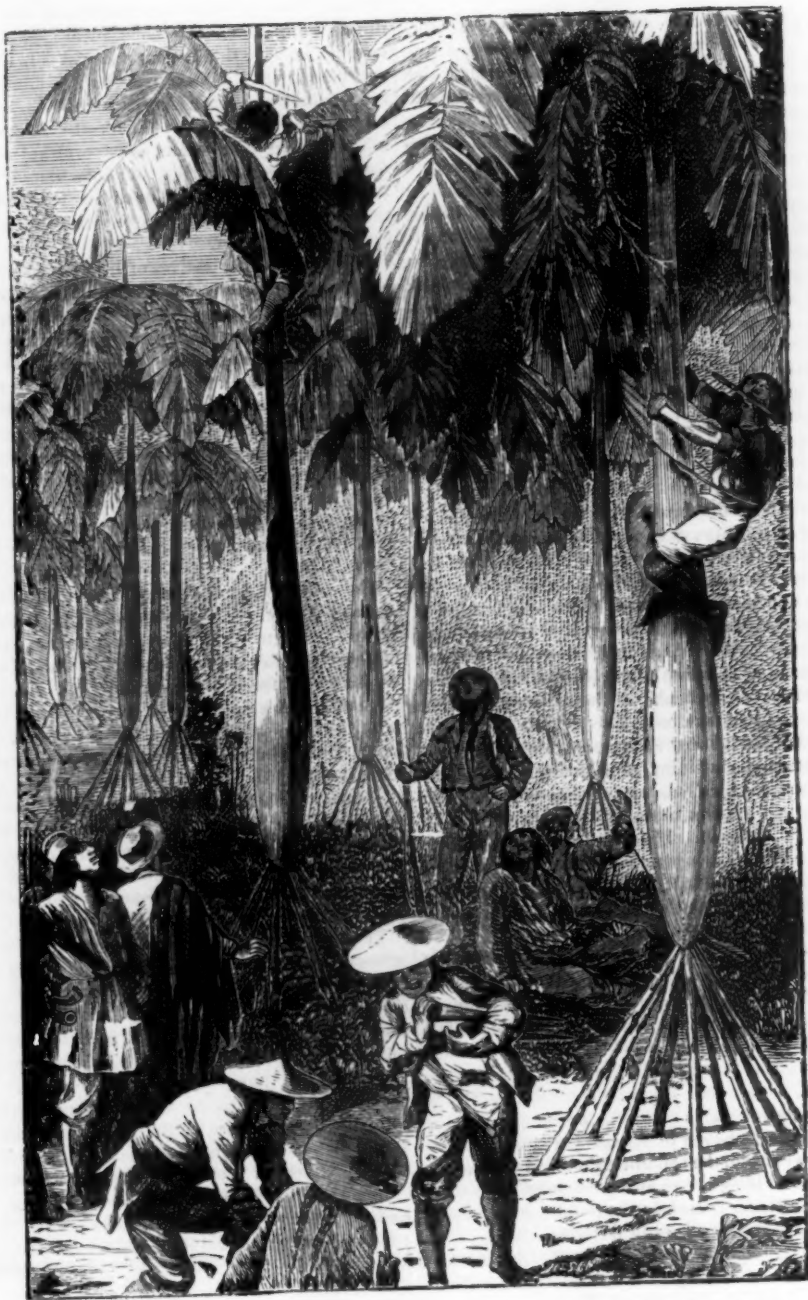
Sing loud, O bird, in the tree!
O bird, sing loud in the sky!
And honey-bees blacken the clover-beds—
There are none of you glad as I.

The leaves laugh low in the wind,
Laugh low with the wind at play;
And the odorous call of the flowers all
Entices my soul away.

For oh, but the world is fair, is fair,
And oh, but the world is sweet!
I will out in the gold of the blossoming mould,
And sit at the Master's feet.

And the love my heart would speak
I will fold in the lily's rim,
That the lips of the blossom, more pure and meek,
May offer it up to Him.

Then sing in the hedgerow green, O thrush,
O skylark, sing in the blue;
Sing loud, sing clear, that the King may hear,
And my soul shall sing with you.



THE SWELLED TRUNK PALM.

PALM-TREES.

PALM-TREES belong to the natural order of *Palmaceæ*, one of the most important divisions of endogenous plants, or plants which grow by additions to the inside of their stems, as opposed to those which grow by additions to the outside, which are termed exogenous plants. They are generally tall and slender trees, often of gigantic height, without a branch, and bearing at the top a graceful crown of very large leaves. The stem is sometimes, however, of humble growth, and sometimes it is thick in proportion to its height; sometimes, but rarely, it is branched; and sometimes, as in the Rattan-palm, it is flexible, and seeks support from trees and bushes, over which it climbs in thickets and dense forests, clinging to them by means of spines. Some of the species with flexible stems attain a prodigious length, ascending to tops of the highest trees and falling down again. One writer asserts that they are sometimes from twelve hundred to eighteen hundred feet long.

Whatever the form or magnitude of the stem of a palm, it is always woody and the root is always fibrous. As it grows older, the main stem of some species rises above the ground, and it is supported by a number of branching roots, the portion of the trunk between them and the ground being gradually absorbed. This is especially the case in one species known as the Swelled-trunk Palm, growing on the banks of the Amazon, of which we give an illustration. The stem of a palm-tree is only hard toward its circumference; the centre is soft, often containing, when young, a great quantity of starch, called sago, and sometimes filled, when old, with a mass of fibres which can be readily separated. The stem is generally marked externally with rings or scars, where former leaves have been attached; sometimes it is rough with the remaining bases of the leaves, and part of it is covered with their fibrous appendages.

No other plants have leaves so large as many of the palms. The largest of all are those of some of the Fan-palms, but there are palms with pinnate, or winged leaves, fifty feet long and eight feet broad; and with undivided leaves thirty feet long by five feet broad. There are, also, small palms which have small leaves. The number of the large leaves which form the crown of even the finest palm is never very great. Palm-leaves are always stalked, the stalk being often in dimensions equal to a large bough of a great oak. The leaves are in all cases persistent, only falling off in succession as new ones are formed above them.

The flowers are small, but are often produced in dense masses of very striking appearance. Humboldt gives the number of flowers on a single palm as about six hundred thousand, and every branch of the Seje palm of the Orinoco consists

of about eight thousand fruits. Some palm-trees are *monœcious*, or have the stamens and pistils in different flowers on the same plant; others are *diœcious*, or have the stamens and pistils in different flowers on different plants. The flowers of some palm-trees emit a very powerful odor which attracts swarms of insects. The fruit is sometimes a kind of berry, sometimes a drupe, either with a fleshy or fibrous covering, and sometimes it contains a hard, bony nut. Sometimes it is only of the size of a pea; sometimes very large, as in the case of the cocoa-nut.

Palms are mostly natives of tropical countries, being found almost everywhere in warm climates, and forming a striking feature of tropic vegetation. The Western continent produces more species than any other part of the world. A few are found in temperate regions; of these, *Chamærops humilis* is a native of Southern Europe, *Chamærops palmetto*, of our own Southern States. Some palm-trees grow on the sides of mountains, near the regions of perpetual snow; others grow singly, or in dense forests, in poor or rich soil, in sea-side regions or inland countries. The most widely distributed species is probably the cocoa-palm.

The palm illustrated in our frontispiece is a native of Egypt. Here grows also the doom-palm. The columnar trunk of this species divides about half-way up into two branches, each of which bears its bunch of feathery leaves and nuts about as large as a duck's egg. Every portion of this tree is of use—the wood is used by carpenters, the eatable fibrous kernel of the nut tastes like a sweet cake, its hard shell is turned into buttons and such small wares, the fellaheen roof their hovels with the leaves, and the bast of the doom-palm is highly prized and applied to many purposes. The range of this tree is southwards, and in Equatorial Africa there are forests of it, extending for miles, far beyond the limits of Egypt.

The uses of palm-trees are very varied. Whole tribes of human beings depend almost entirely on particular species of palms for the supply of all their wants. The fruit of some kinds are eaten, sometimes the fleshy part of the fruit, sometimes the kernel of the nut. The fruit of the date-palm ranks next in importance to the cocoa-nut. A beverage is made from the fruit of the assai-palm, consisting of a mixture of the pulp with water; a kind of wine is made by fermenting the juice. Other products of the palm-tree are palm-wine or *toddy*, a spirit called *arrack*, a sort of sugar or molasses, known as *jaggery*, and palm-oil. We have already alluded to the starch or *sago*. Young sprouts of palm-trees are boiled for vegetables. The unrolled bud at the top of the palm, consisting of the immature leaves, is often eaten like cabbage. This, however, seems an expensive delicacy, as for one cabbage a whole tree must be

sacrificed. Still, vegetation increases so rapidly in tropical countries that this fact is not much regarded. From the stem of some species, as the wax-palm, and for the leaves of some, as the carahuba-palm, wax is obtained, which is used for the same purpose as beeswax. Palm-wood is employed in house-building, and for many other purposes, some affording beautiful wood for ornamental work. The stems of the slender rattan-palm make walking-sticks, baskets, and so forth. The large leaves are used for thatching houses. The spathas, or flower-coverings, do duty as bags. From the various kinds of palm-fibres, coarse and fine, are manufactured threads, nets, cloths, mats, ropes, brushes, hammocks, and the like. The leaves of the palmyra and talipot palms are used in some parts of the East for writing upon, an iron style being employed instead of a pen. The resinous substance known as *Dragon's blood*, the betel-nut, potash, and vegetable ivory, are also obtained from palm-trees. And still a list of the uses of these wonderful plants is not yet completed.

In temperate climates palm-trees are mostly cultivated for decorative purposes. Small ones are seen in many private houses and conservatories. Regular palm-houses, however, in which the trees attain their full size under glass, are very expensive, and can only be afforded by wealthy corporations or individuals. The palm-house at Kew Gardens, England, is perhaps the most famous. A fine example of one is Horticultural Hall, in the Park, at Philadelphia.

BABY-MONKEYS.

MONKEYS are born in almost as helpless a condition as human beings. For the first fortnight after birth they pass their time in being nursed, in sleeping, and in looking about them. During the whole of this time the care and attention of the mother are most exemplary; the slightest sound or movement excites her immediate notice; and, with her baby in her arms, she skillfully evades any approaching danger by the most adroit manœuvres. At the end of the first fortnight the little one begins to get about by itself, but always under the mother's watchful care. She frequently attempts to teach it to do for itself, but never forgets her solicitude for its safety, and at the earliest intimation of danger seizes it in her arms and seeks a place of refuge. When about six weeks old, the baby begins to need more substantial nutriment than milk and is taught to provide for himself. Its powers are speedily developed, and in a few weeks its agility is most surprising. The mother's fondness for her offspring continues; she devotes all her care to its comfort and education, and should it meet with an untimely end, her grief is so intense as frequently to cause her own death.

ACY WALWORTH'S FAITH.

GO to church with you next Sunday? Not I! I'm down on churches!"

The speaker, a man about twenty-five, with marks of dissipation on his handsome face, took a turn across the pavement, then re-seated himself on Job Joline's doorstep.

"Neighbor-son," continued Job, who had a way of thus addressing the sons of neighbors, many of whom had grown to man's estate under his observant eye, "you didn't relish goin' with the boys to-day, you see them go off without you, you felt like hangin' 'round home. Plain enough, the Lord's callin' you. It is not the first time, maybe it's the last. Don't say 'no' to that, but right-about face to better way of livin'."

"I've been all along where you're goin', neighbor-son. I used to be down on churches, too. Now, whenever I see sacred walls, I think of a verse that tells about the 'shadow of a great rock in a weary land,' and whatever load my mind's a-carryin', it's eased like, then and there."

"As for church people, maybe there's lots of the hay and stubble kinds; I'm not sayin' there is, I'm not sayin' there isn't, but sure's I breathe, there is heaps of the gold, silver and precious stone sort. I was sixty-nine years findin' this out, neighbor-son. Finally, bein' on life's far slope, I got into this little business, and coaxed myself into thinkin' death ended everything. It took a' angel to drag me out of that and set me searchin' for the true and livin' way."

"Like as not you knowed Acy Walworth. Not Asa, mind; some folks had no better sense than to give her a man's name, and some called her Ace, but I chalked it down inside my shop door, and it's A C Y. Don't know her? Well, she wasn't in these parts much over a year. Then she went to Rochester, where she belonged. Howsomever, I knowed her. Under God, she's been the makin' of me."

"When bad things happen, folks say 'There's a woman at the bottom of it,' an' they try and ferret her out. Who looks for the woman at the bottom of all the good that's in the world? Yet, I tell you, solemnly, neighbor-son, that just as sure as she was at the foot of the Cross and the mouth of the Sepulchre, she's there!"

"I'll tell you how Acy Walworth come to be at the bottom of what's good in me. Says wife one day:

"'Tole Walworth's wife's dead.'

"'Do I know her?' says I.

"'Of course not,' says Susan Ann, 'such a bug in a rug as you never knows anybody.'

"Come to find out, they lived in Third Court. I knowed them both by sight. She left four children, one a baby six weeks old.

"Next I heard was:

" 'Here comes the sister that's keepin' house for Tole Walworth.'

"Shall I ever forget her? I've seen beautiful ladies shinin' in silks and floatin' in laces. I'd never seen one in shabby clothes. There's jewels of folks livin' 'round here, still you never see her sort. There she come, movin' modest enough, but steppin' and lookin' every inch a queen. Her face was such a picture, I seemed to have it struck on my heart all in one flash. She was about twenty-eight or nine, with a fair skin, a sweet mouth, eyes like stars, and whiffs of brown hair flutterin' on her forehead. There was a settled look about her, that told, plain as printin', she'd had sorrow, and indeed she'd had. Back in her life there was a heart-broken mother's grave, and a drunken father's crime. Then there was weakly grandparents to support, and now, having buried them, here she was takin' up this load. Altogether there 'peared to be no end of trouble doggin' her feet, and knockin' at her heart's door.

"I kep' open on Sundays then, and hearin' she went to church reg'lar, I took to watchin' for her. We've moved to Second Court since, but lived at First Court corner then, and she went to the chapel 'round on Beach Street. She had to pass right by, comin' and goin'. I watched for her as I watched for the mornin', that time I was sick, yet never let on to Susan Ann, cause she'd a pick at her for what she called her 'airs.' To tell the truth, neighbor-son, she was proudish. Comin' in to buy once in a long while—they dealt mostly at Third Court corner—she'd nothin' to say, 'cept concernin' what she wanted. She never jewed nor jawed nor anything. She didn't trapse the streets, or run after shows, or giggle at men; she was just a born lady all the way through.

"Walworth done pretty well for a bit after Em died. Worked steady, brought home his wages, stayed in and took care of the children, while his sister went to church, and actually went with her a few times when a neighbor kep' the baby.

"As for that young one, sir; well, her heart was right and tight bound up in it. She mothered the lot, Tole in the bargain, for all he was forty and she only twenty-nine, but that little creature was the very apple of hereye.

"What I'm tellin' now's mostly hearsay, neighbor-son, yet, seein' her with them children a few times, and gettin' a peep into that downstairs room of theirs, neat as wax, with fish geraniums laughin' into flower on the window-sill, 'peared like I've knowledge of other things without being told.

"Em Walworth died in November, 1880, and Tole took to drink worse 'en ever in January, '81. In April, he up and marries a fast kid, on'y sixteen, and their carousin's made bad business for my poor girl.

"First, they wanted her, then they didn't, and

turned her out. First, they let her take the baby; next, they got it away. She rented a room in Second Court, and tried to make a livin' for the baby and herself; then just for herself, but 'twas all uphill work. There was a new way of makin', somethin' different from what she learned, and it seemed she couldn't get the hang of it.

"Outside this great city, vi'lets budded and roses bloomed, puffs of 'em come to me in market, and all the time Miss Acy's eyes looked like flowers steeped in dew, and her cheeks like lilies off a gravestone. She kep' on goin' to church, though. She'd asked prayers in the chapel for Tole, yet he'd gone back on his pledge; she'd begged her Lord and him to let her keep the baby. Jude Walworth had it and pettin' or 'busin' it just as suited her, for all that she kep' goin' to meetin'. Bym-by, hot weather come, and her work, poor as it was, stopped altogether. One Sunday mornin', I knowed, for sure, she'd nothing in the house. I daren't help her, 'cause Susan Ann would have raised Hail Columbia; so I waited, wonderin' what she'd do. Thinks I she's prayed 'Give us this day our daily bread,' now where's it goin' to come from? I didn't believe in churches then; and, natural enough, didn't believe in prayer, but she did. Bless your heart, she went to service mornin' and evenin' triumphant, as if she was ridin' in chariots.

"Next day, not bein' above honest labor, she got work at the wash-house—lundry they call it. The week follerin' she was laid by with a scalded arm. I looked then to see her trip and fall, as I'd seen many another when trouble put too heavy a hand on 'em, but she wasn't that sort.

"I missed her next Sunday mornin', but Susan Ann, always frettin' at and about folks, said she'd gone to church. I see her coming back, though. I've on'y to shut my eyes to see her this minute. Her dress was blue calico, and there was a wisp of blue on her little straw bonnet. Somebody, the preacher's daughter, I guess, give her a bunch of roses. She'd pinned them on her breast and a few of the fullest was droppin' apart. The pretty leaves fell on her poor arm and laid on her bosom like pink and red snow-flakes, makin' the only bit of deep color about her, for her dress and the wisp of ribbon was fady lookin', and even her mouth was white.

"She was bein' doctored at the hospital, but never ask me how she made out about wittals and rent. I don't know and didn't darest think. Soon's her arm got a mite better, she went to work at somethin' way down town, but kep' her room in Second Court, so's to be near Tole and the children.

"You recollect, neighbor son—we all do—the trouble that came over the nation last summer, the summer of '81. I never took much to politics, and wasn't what might be called for General Garfield, either, till he got his death-blow. Then it seemed

as if he somehow belonged to me; was my very, veriest own. Tidin's from his sick-room was like tidin's from my children, from my sons and my daughter far away. I fairly starved for news. No matter how many bulletins came, I was hungry for more. 'Peared to me my old worn-out pulse kep' time with the President's. That if he died, I must; and if there was any preparin', I'd got to prepare. When doctors failed and the church got shold of his case, thinks I, if there's power in prayer, now's the time to prove it.

"Every night, for two weeks, there wasservice in the chapel, round on Beach Street; and reg'lar every night, for two weeks, went Miss Acy, lookin' scarce able to drag one foot after the other. Work, worry and the terrible heat was tellin' on her, yet I never did see such a triumphant face. It just seemed as if she held on to some glorious secret, and when she'd got ready, she'd out with it and my old heart would jump for joy. I got to imagin' what it could possibly be, and you may depend, hitched to everything but the right of it.

"You remember 'twas fearful hot in the city then. Well, 'peared to me the air was full and heavy with tears and pleadin'. I begin to feel awful sober. Thinks I, there's somethin' in a thing that gets the world on its knees. Here was not only such as Miss Acy prayin', but scores of folks round here took to it that had to learn how. Says I to myself: 'Job, your candle's most burnt out; if there's anything in religion, now's your chance for gettin' at it, and if there isn't, now's your chance for settlin' that matter, too.' Then I waits, feelin' solemn and solemn, from the risin' to the settin' of the sun, and layin' awake nights to look it over.

"After the change that's come to me since that time, I wouldn't like to tell all I thought when the President died. Anyway, I felt 'twas all up with churches. I finds myself pityin' religious folks, 'specially Acy Walworth. Meetin's was her all, and sure she could take no comfort in 'em after what'd happened. I wonders, too, seein' she wasn't the sort of woman to run 'round huntin' up excitement, what she'd do.

"Neighbor-son, can you guess what she did do?" Old Job having made a longer pause than usual, his listener, whose handsome face had never lost its expression of deep interest, replied:

"I don't believe I can come anywhere near it. Did she backslide?"

"Not a mite!" exclaimed Job, giving the door-post a tremendous slap with his clinched hand.

"The President died on Monday, the 19th day of September. Tuesday was Miss Acy's class night; she went to class. Wednesday was reg'lar prayer-meetin'; she went to that, and, bless her true heart, Sunday mornin', here she come, lookin' as if she'd got the vict'ry all the way through.

"For a rar'ty Susan Ann was away that day, so I makes up my mind I'll put it at Acy Walworth when she's on her way home, and see how she gets out of this prayer-answerin' business. Managin' to get rid of a loafin' squad before she hove in sight, says I, as she was passin' with on'y a nod:

"'Would you mind answerin' a respectful question, Miss?'"

"'Certainly not,' says she.

"'Well,' I goes on to say, and seemed to me I was all of a' inward tremble, 'Christians all the world over's been pleadin' for the President's life and he's dead just the same. I want to ask, and I mean it solemn, not insultin', understand, can you really, truly, in your heart of hearts, believe after this there's any use prayin'?"

"Says she, 'From my heart of hearts, I answer, yes.'

"Says I, 'I've read the Bible some, but can't no-how make the President's dyin' fit into Scripture. Tellin' the honest truth I didn't s'pose I could, still, 'twas a sort of test case, and it's proved a failure.'

"I don't need to shut my eyes to see Acy Walworth standin' as she stood that day. She'll look like that in glory. She'll speak like that in glory, too. And because she will, neighbor-son, because there they don't use words we use down here, I can't get at what she said in her way, on'y in mine.

"Miss Hunt lived next us then, and she had a yard chuck full of posies. Some of 'em come swingin' over the fence, and Miss Acy, standin' close in a strip of shade, got a sprinkle of purple bean flowers on her blue ribbon and brown hair. Next come a' April shower of spent mornin'-glories like pinley-white fairy trumpets, layin' in wait to ketch the trick of her voice, the music of her words, and echo them 'mong the hills of little-folks-land.

"I can't tell how 'twas done, but she draw'd Garfield's picture 'gainst the black of the trouble and mournin', sayin' it was there for all time. Children's children would see it, love it, and want to be like him. No office under heaven could a' got him so high, or give him so dear a place in history and in people's hearts. Another thing she said. Christ told us to pray, 'Thy will be done on earth'—meanin' in us—as it is in heaven.' And if it's our wish 'gainst His plan, we're to say, 'Nevertheless, not my will, but Thine be done.'

"I've found out that's true prayin', neighbor-son. Short of that's demandin'. The Word don't give human creatures a right to lay down the law to God, or to say things shall be done on our time and strict accordin' to our askin'.

"A couple of Tole's children comin' and hangin' on her dress I got a cheer and said 'set down.' Then, while the young ones got their laps full of

droppin' flowers, I got at her feelin' 'bout their father. God, said she, wasn't willin' that any should perish, so she'd faith to believe and pray for her brother's soul, hopin' the time 'd come when he'd turn from his evil way, though she mightn't live to see it.

"The children comin' with their tinty fingers dressed in bean-flower bonnets and mornin'-glory petticoats, sayin' 'lets go,' got her on her feet.

"I excused myself for keepin' her, but, says she, and her words are chimin' in my ears to-day, 'I never refuse the helping hand, nor the helping thought. Good-bye.'

"Little dreamt I that was the last time I'd see her. She went back to Rochester next day. I took to goin' to her church, and settin' in her place, and I got her glorious secret. It's makin' my old heart jump and leap for joy. If you want to find it out, neighbor-son, just come to church with me next Sunday."

Job Joline's story was finished, he lighted his pipe and listened to the bells—"silvery Sabbath bells." They were ringing for evening service and the upper chambers of air were filled with melody. Every elevating emotion of the heart, every tone in which humanity utters thoughts that "rise from transitory things," found echo in those bell-calls. There was the solemn note, here the triumphant clang, yonder the tremor of the spent bell, nearer the chimes like saintly voices ringing down cathedral aisles, and through all a throb and a flutter as of prayer-meeting up on viewless pinion.

"I said I wouldn't go to church with you next Sunday," remarked the young man, with a smile in his dense-dark eyes. "I'll go to-night."

MADGE CARROL.

TAKE counsel with reason and the higher nature as to what to admire, and carefully shut out the subtle influence of self, as it tries to interfere in the matter and create prejudice in whatever direction may seem most likely to prove to its own advantage. Cultivate the habit of admiring generously and freely whatever is excellent, and distrust and discourage the depreciatory tendency, as intrinsically petty, and leading to deterioration of character.

TRY to keep your sympathies fresh and your interest in little things active. Remember that you were young once, and tolerate the crudities of youth. Do more than tolerate; try to understand, and do not be impatient if young eyes cannot see things just as you see them. Gray hairs and wrinkles you cannot escape, but you need not grow old unless you choose. And, so long as your age is on the outside, you will win confidence from the young, and find your life all the brighter from contact with theirs.

AN OLD HOME.

"All houses where men have lived and died
Are haunted houses."

THE lines came involuntary to my mind as I looked up at the grand old house before me, built one hundred and fifty years ago. One hundred and fifty times the summer roses had blossomed there, and the summer sun had looked down upon a scene of surpassing beauty; for the site was grand and commanding. Broad, fertile meadows stretched away to the mountains which kissed the sky on the east and north, and a river wound in graceful curves to the south and west. One hundred and fifty times the winter winds had raved around it, piling the snow in massive drifts, through which the sturdy yeomen drove their teams with many a merry shout and halloo.

What changes the years have wrought around the spot! Slowly the line of forest fell back before the strong blows of the woodman's axe. Slowly, but surely, the meadows gained a broad sweep, and other homes grew up apace. And now the postman clatters along on his steed, bringing news from the outer world; and now the stage-horn sounds over the hills only to be displaced by the shrill whistle of the locomotive, as the swift-flying years bring progress and improvement.

And within the gray old walls, ah! if walls had tongues, as they are said to have ears, what tales they might tell! Here, when the home was new, came the honest German with his blue-eyed, blonde-haired bride, Gretchen. They left the old paternal mansion in Holland, and came to the wide new world, strong in love and trust, rich in health and energy, fearing nothing, daring everything, to build for themselves a home. Around the grand old fire-place in the "living room," they put the beautiful tiles they had brought from the old home (precious memento of what they had left), and which, by Scriptural scenes and stories, made the comely fire-place seem an altar and a shrine, as night after night they sat in its cheery light and talked of their hopes and plans, of God and "Fatherland," of the future they meant should be so beautiful.

The days flew by as on wings, and soon the happy Gretchen held a babe upon her knee, a bonny boy, with the father's broad, white forehead and firm mouth, and the mother's kindly eyes and smile. While yet they marveled at his wondrous beauty and baby wisdom, another came to claim their love. Again and yet again the wonderful mystery of babyhood was lived out there, and sons and daughters grew in comely beauty around them, keeping their hearts young and tender, and linking them yet more closely to God

and each other. What merry frolics they had! how they ran and laughed! how they roasted chestnuts and apples, and how they played, and how they worked!

Yet sorrow came to them, as it comes, soon or late, to all. Two of the happy band were called away, leaving behind them sweet memories and precious little mounds, where the summer daisies and winter snows came in turn to beautify and adorn. Following close upon the sounds of mourning came the wedding bells. The baby's cry mingles with the feeble "good-bye," as the old gladly lay down the burden of life and rise to meet the eternal morn. Changes without and changes within, day giving place to night and night to day, yet ever the old house is home for some happy hearts; ever there is earnest, active life within its walls. It is, as home should ever be, a resting place where, through toil and care, through joy and sorrow, through the blooming of flowers and the falling of snows, through sun and rain, through wild storms and gentle dews, through all life and death, souls grow ripe for the harvest time and crowns are won for tired brows. Generations succeed generations; strong youths and maidens take up the work as it falls from the trembling hands of age, and the home becomes beautifully rich in life and memories, past and present meet by its hearth-stone, and the future bends brightly above it. Truly, it is a "haunted house," yet none need fear to meet the gentle ghosts who glide unseen around it. Faces that are not of to-day look out from its many-paned windows, steps the stranger may not trace go noiselessly up and down the broad stairways, and out of the low doors, and even the past breathes softest benediction over the present. Honest lives have left an unfading impression and influence over all, as real as it is beautiful.

The fires burn as brightly as of old in the ample fire-place, and still the little children wonder at the quaint tiles, and listen attentively while the grandsire interprets the strange pictures, and tells proudly of their ancestor, who brought them from "over the sea." Still the story "old, yet ever new," is told by its light, and maidens dream their tender, innocent dreams, and build glowing castles in its ruddy coals. The happy young mother hushes her babe to rest with a lullaby, as soft and sweet as Gretchen sang so long ago, and life goes on and on, ever changing, yet ever and ever the same. The roses bloom with the same rare beauty, the ivy creeps over the gray walls with tender brooding, and the old elms and pines stretch their branches heavenward, as if imploring blessings on the home they enshrine.

'Tis no wonder a feeling of reverent awe steals over us as we stand by the old gate in wondering admiration while the day dies in rosy light in the west, and,

"Sounding the summer night, the stars
Dropped down their golden plummetts,
The pale arc of the Northern lights
Rose o'er the mountains' summits.

"Until, at last beneath its bridge
I've heard the river flowing,
And saw across the shaded lawn
The welcome home-lights glowing."

When in peaceful mood we walked on, the air seemed full of blessing, and we felt that, while such houses are left us, we need not despair, though at times dark clouds lower threateningly.

EARNEST.

"NOT WORTH THE WHILE."

"NOT worth the while," the miner said to me,
"To crush this piece of ore;
Gold veinings thread it, but the dross
outweighs

A thousand fold the store
Of glittering grains." And so the one dark piece
Of ore with but a hint
Of gold was mine to put with whispering conch,
And fossil, with imprint

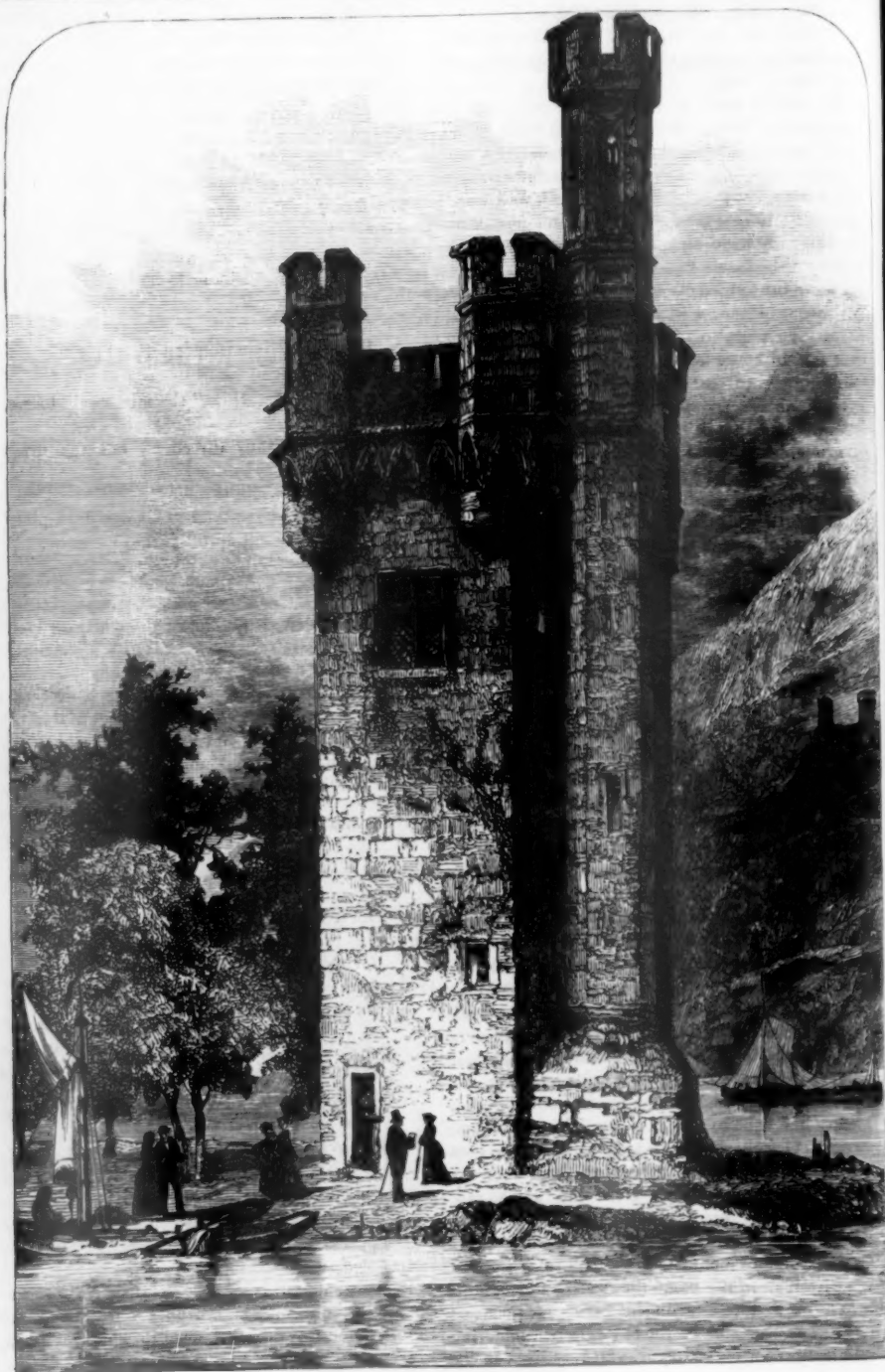
Of leaf or flower. And then I thought how God
Doth search for the heart's gold;
No overlay of dross can keep that from
The Great Refiner's hold.
Athro' this dross fine golden veinings run,
They brighten, separate
From the dull dross, and our heart has its gold
'Neath sin's accumulate.

God crushes hearts; we know and feel the press,
We suffer, who can say
That never hath his heart-walls creaked and
moaned
As if they would give way.
The ore is crushed; is it to give the soul
Of man keen, needless pains?
God searches for heart-gold though it may run
In thread-like little veins.

Through dross He searches for fine gold of His—
God's crushing brings out plain
The soul's poor metal that by earth and clay
And stone is overlain.
The grim old miner counted time and toil;
But life is as a day
To Him, who in pathetic tenderness,
"Searches" these hearts of clay.

ADELAIDE STOUT.

If we would cultivate a peaceful disposition in ourselves, and enjoy and diffuse harmony with those around us, we must, even in small matters, constantly endeavor to keep the unity of the spirit in the bond of peace.



"MOUSE TOWER" ON THE RHINE.

THE MOUSE TOWER.

THE quaint Mause Thurm, or Mouse Tower, below Bingen, stands upon an island in the River Rhine, near the picturesque castle of Ehrenfels. This rises above the rock-walled river, vineyards creeping up to its feet, while the majestic hills form an effective background. Both castle and tower are inseparably connected with the name of Bishop Hatto.

The legend tells, that in a time of famine, he induced the starving people of Bingen to enter his great barn, deluding them by the falsehood that it contained abundance of corn. The story continues,

"Then when he saw it could hold no more,
Bishop Hatto made fast the door,
And while for mercy on Christ they call,
He set fire to the barn and burnt them all."

Then he returned to Ehrenfels, "and sat down to supper, merrily." But a vast army of rats issued from the burning barn. In terror, the bishop fled to his river tower, but the rats swam the stream, crept up the walls, and besieged him by thousands.

The tale is ended thus:

"They have whetted their teeth against the stones,
And now they pick the bishop's bones;
They gnawed the flesh from every limb,
For they were sent to do justice on him."

In some old German books appear quaint pictures, which show the rats climbing the tower, upon which is seen the bishop, with cape, mitre, and pastoral staff, while two huge rats have lodged upon his shoulders.

This old legend, however, re-appears in various forms, and different countries, as many other folk-stories. According to Mr. Baring Gould, the myth points to the sacrifices of chieftains and princes in times of famine, in heathen days, and that the manner of offering the sacrifice was the exposure of the victim to rats.

The real Bishop Hatto was not a cruel prelate. The tower was built, much later than his time, for collecting toll from vessels passing up and down the Rhine.

AMONG the many odd customs which distinguish the Chinese of Java is one which would startle the young ladies of our country. Beneath the windows of their houses is often to be seen an empty flower-pot, "lying horizontally on the portico roof." Its position cannot be accidental, because it is seen in so many cases; nor can it be looked upon as a religious symbol, for then there would probably be one on each house. It is nothing more or less than a matrimonial advertisement, the plain English of which is, "A young lady is in the house. Husband wanted."

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JANE NEWBERRY'S HUSBAND.

CHAPTER I.

FIRST-DAY, as I came out of meeting, I found myself nigh a winning-faced woman, who held out her hand to me.

"I am glad to see thee," she said; "I hope thee will not miss Salem and thy kinsfolk overly much."

"Thee knows," I hastened to say, "I am here because of the loss of my kinsfolk."

"True," she said, more kindly yet, "and thee will forgive my lack of memory. Seems to me we grow forgetful of all save ourselves, betimes. I, too, have a calling from above; I make tender visits to Fairhill—my children are buried there."

Then she left me, going up Fourth Street in the sun. This was my meeting with Jane Newberry. Thomas Newberry, her husband, had fallen in strange ways; he was scarcely circumspect as might be. His parents had not been strictly orthodox to be sure, but they were Friends all the same, and he had wandered from us all. Time ago, he had been a grain man, dealing in cereals and the like, and was prosperous. But his temptation had come and he had not withstood. His business faculties sorely impaired, careless, and making of little account what had hitherto meant much to him, depended now upon his wife, who had taken a small house and store, and opened the latter as a trimming place, where she and Priscilla attended. I was first made cognizant of his manner when, on one occasion, I went to Friend Jane's for thread. She was duly careful to be exact, and was withal so deprecatory of her poor array of spools that I picked up one, and said:

"Thee sees, this will answer admirably."

"Nay," she replied, "it is scarcely of the precise shade."

"Nevertheless, I will take it," I said.

"Thee will take it on thy say-so, not on my say-so," she rejoined. And then looked up, and without knowing what she saw, I perceived a new expression come to her face, as though something was in her sight which was dreadful to her, and yet which she refused to see as dreadful, and only as something she must alleviate. I turned around and saw Thomas Newberry, and his eyes were not so widely opened nor uncongested as might be.

"Thee is besotted again, Jane," he said, nodding reprovingly at his wife, "thee knows thee is besotted."

She looked at me with pain in her face.

"Nay," she exclaimed, detaining me, refusing my sympathetic withdrawal, "this is my husband."

Friend Newberry acknowledged me.

"Thee is from Salem," he said, "and a fine place it is—as Jersey goes. Very temperate place, too—as temperate places go. And yet, 'let

no man judge you in meat or drink.' Temperance consists of the mind, not of the condition of the body."

I was in a hurry to go, seeing that Friend Jane busied herself at the counter, yet all the while held a yard-measure cleverly out so that her husband might not fall back too far, for his feet were snares.

"Don't go," he said, "don't go! It is as refreshing as dew to the lips of lambs—and thee is no longer lamb—to see a stranger. I am sorry for thee, stranger, in the gates though thee be—I am sorry for thee. I fear thee also is besotted, that Jane has led thee astray. I must urge it upon her to be more moderate—'let your moderation be known unto all men.' Don't poke me with thy yard-measure, Jane; thee pokes where Adam's rib was removed for Eve—another immoderate woman."

I left them and felt warm. I was on the step, when I heard my name called, and there she was.

"Thee will come again," she said. "I wish thee would. Yet if it pains thee, think more of that than me. Thee sees how it is."

After many such scenes as this, and which I do not perceive the necessity of chronicling at length, I came to be a frequent visitor at the house. Priscilla was at this time visiting at Haverford, for her health, her mother explained, seeing that she was a trifle overdone at times. I marveled if a change might not do Jane good, too."

"Nay, Friend," she said, "I am of the accustomed ones of the earth. Then I am old, thee knows, and change in age is irksome. I go to Fairhill often, though; I have much peace in viewing three little mounds I—we have there."

So I met her at Fairhill,—for I had gone to the store and found Friend Newberry alone there, lugubrious and fraught with sighs, and as I found was often the case after he had been more militant than usual. He was behind the counter, and looked up from a book he had in his hand, his eyes holding a pained expression. I asked for Jane.

"Priscilla came home to-day," he said. "They are at Fairhill."

"Thank thee," I said, "I will go there, too."

"Stop!" he called, and held out a book. It was the *Rules of Discipline*. "I am a heathen man and a publican, am I, because I would not listen to the committee?" he said. He threw the book to the floor. "What do I care for thee, or all the people? If a Friend is not to be trusted with himself, who is he to be trusted with? Jane alone is good to me."

I left him with his head on the counter. When I reached Fairhill it was nearing sundown. From afar off I saw Jane Newberry sitting upon the ground, her face turned up to the sky, her bonnet

on the ground beside her. She was glad I had come."

"Does thee know," she said, "sometimes, when I am here, I seem to feel the press of children's fingers upon my face and bosom. See!" She pointed to three little mounds. "My little ones," she said. "They are above, I am here 'in paths which they have not known,' looking down upon the mounds and flecking a dry leaf from the least of the three. "Don't thee think the dead makes us love the living more? Perchance, I speak unadvisedly. Thee never married, thee scarcely knows that a dead child can bid its mother love its father more?" She wiped her eyes upon her shawl, looking around, covertly. "I would not have Priscilla see me so," she said. "Oh, did thee know Priscilla is at home?"

"Yes," I answered; "I stopped at thy house. Thy husband told me."

She looked at me eagerly. "Thomas was very good," she said. Then her face grew, as one might say, luminous. "Look!" she said, "Priscilla!"

Over against the red sunset, standing a little apart from everything, the girl was like a silhouette.

"Pardon me," said Friend Jane, "I have been so selfish. Thee is kind to come here to me. Thee did, did thee not?"

"Yes, thy husband told me."

"Thomas is kind. Thee—" she hesitated, "thee knows Thomas is very kind—betimes. Indeed, I fear me thee sees him only as the world and the flesh make him. Try to see him as I do as I sit by the graves of our children, a man who hath three fair souls with God. See—Priscilla, as thee views her now is only as a shadow of that within. When thee comes to know her she will be another soul of Thomas and me."

Together we went over to Priscilla, who placed her arm about her mother while we said a few words. Friend Jane had the most peaceful of faces, and her daughter looked like her, with a quickening of all that was lifeless in her mother. Her eyes were shot through with the red of the sunset, until, gray as they were, they seemed to carry in them the flame of the opal. She was altogether comely, tall and pretty slender.

So we went home. When we reached the store, Friend Newberry arose with alacrity as he met Priscilla's glance. He turned to his daughter instead of to his wife, saying,

"Customers were chary of coming. A youth was desirous to know 'Quaker, Quaker, how art thee?' I told him with the point of the yard-stick."

She went in and removed her mother's and her own bonnet and prepared tea, of which I partook. As we three sat there—for Friend Newberry persisted in tending store, Priscilla found occasion to whisper to me, while her mother went to replenish the tea-pot,

"Mother has told me of thee. I am glad of thy pleasure in mother here, for there are few who know her as I do and as thee must."

She excused herself, after a bit, and followed by the eyes of her mother, went into the store. We were so quiet in the back-room, and Priscilla's voice had such a deep quality in it, that I could not help but hear nearly all that passed.

"Father," said Priscilla, in the store, "will thee please hand me the money?"

"I told thee there were no customers," he answered, quickly.

"I should much like the money," said Priscilla.

"Thee is outrageous!" he complained; "thee is undutiful, thee doubts thy father's word, thee would keep me from my rightfully own! Does thee know a man is no man at all, unless he have a little money in his keeping? Does thee know anything more abject than a man without a cent about him?"

"I desire the money," persisted Priscilla.

"Priscilla," he said, firmly, "thy mother is too good a parent for thee. All the time thee was away thy mother never did as thee is doing now. Thee reprobates me!"

"The money!" still said she.

"Priscilla," he said, "it is either one of two things: I have told thee there was no paying customer; now thee will either not persist in the call for the money, or will thee make me perjure myself?"

"Father, I want the money. It is all we have to depend upon. There was a bill to be paid us to-day—I have kept the run of affairs."

"Ah," he cried, "thee has such a head for business. To be sure! The bill was paid, and I receipted for it—'Thomas Newberry and family,' I wrote on the receipt, because the bill was so trifling and a receipt is such a stupendous acknowledgment. Yes, 'Thomas Newberry and family.' Here is the money—though I insist there was no customer but the inquiring boy."

"I heard the rustling of money. The other pocket," she said.

"I am done," he murmured, dejectedly, "when my own child, aided and abetted by the carnal mind of the world sets her wit upon the gaining of money, and robe—yea, robs her aging parent who—not *that* pocket, Priscilla, that's where I keep my memoranda. Oh, well, then, if thee will, take the few pence therein."

Friend Jane groaned a little. Priscilla came in quietly and said not a word of what had taken place. Now that Priscilla had come home, I scarcely saw the feasibility of going so often to the place—although I went frequently enough to purchase those many little odds and ends in the sewing line which most women delight in getting in small quantities, when in all probability it would be far more convenient to lay in a

sufficiently large stock over against the time of need, not to say more economical. If thee is a man, thee must not doubt there is a pleasant exhilaration in saying to thyself, some evening, "My! I am out of thread," or, "I must have the cotton batting to-morrow," and, making a memoranda of it, go on the morrow and purchase some needles, and tape, and a little edging, and quite overlook the thread, or the batting, as the case may be. As it was, the store held me often enough, though I saw less of Friend Newberry now that Priscilla was at home. Once, when Friend Jane and her daughter were perturbed over a fresh outbreak on his part, Priscilla was loud in her condemnation of his fault.

"We all have faults," said Friend Jane.

"Yes, mother, I know, but less of our making than the world's," answered Priscilla, hotly.

"No faults are of our own making, or *all* are," said her mother, "and only thy youth makes thee cavil at the world."

"Is father's fault the world's?"

"It is thine own, child, for thee makes capital out of it."

"And I cavil at the world because of my youth?" cried Priscilla, shrilly, "and why should I not, if that youth is made harsh and bitter before its time? Mother, I am not meek, as thee is—I hope I never shall be. But thee knows to what father has brought us; thee knows how hard we strive, and trying not to complain, suffer much. The very sight of thee, makes me more combative than anything else."

"The sight of me!"

"Yes," she went on, the fire of the opal in her eyes, "when I see thee so patient, when there is such cause for complaint, I fly at what is ignorantly called Fate, and ask, 'why should this be—why must this be, and I no power to stay it?'"

"Priscilla! and a stranger here!"

"Stranger, or no stranger, does she not see for herself? Does she not know that we are looked upon, not as Thomas Newberry's honored wife and child, but as the very property of a drunkard? Does she not know that I cannot face people of my own age, because of my stigma; but rather crawl, day after day in my chrysalid state, until such time comes when I can bear it no longer, and I must away from thee for awhile to gain a renewal of tissue and fibre, to fit me for further struggle? Do not call it pride, call it humanity inhuman from too much humanity. I am tired of it all, I am sick of it all; if it were not for thee, mother, I should—"

"What should thee do?" asked her mother, going to her and placing her hand on her shoulder. Priscilla helplessly sunk down upon a chair.

Just then some one came into the store.

"Let me wait on thy customer," I said, and was glad to go, although my customer was a most gay-looking woman, who could not make up her mind

what she wanted. When I went back to the room, Priscilla was beside her mother, but frowning.

Now, one day, as I entered the back-room, I noticed that Jane was overly oppressed and nervous. Priscilla was cold, and said little. Once, when her mother had left the room, I looked up, inquiringly. "Father," whispered Priscilla, "he has not been home since yesterday." She had not time to say more, for her mother was in the room again.

Friend Newberry never came all day. Toward night, and before the lamp was lit, we fell into a quiet way, and Jane dropped off into a slumber. Then Priscilla came to me, whispering and picking at her finger.

"What does thee think could have come of father?" she asked, worriedly.

"Has he never stayed away before?" asked I.

"Oh, yes. But thee knows in some cases, the more frequent the occurrence, the more apt is apprehension."

All at once I heard some one enter the store. There was Friend Newberry supported by a stranger. Priscilla came in, closing the door leading into the back-room.

"This man is a Samaritan—he found me grievous last night, and he had me to his home," adventured Friend Newberry. The stranger said not a word.

"Father," said Priscilla, "will thee go to thy room?"

"No," he said, "I want mother."

"She is asleep; she was awake all night," said she.

"So was I," he muttered, doggedly.

By our united persuasions we got him up-stairs. Leaving Priscilla with him, I came down. The stranger lingered for awhile, and then placed a card on the counter.

"That is my name," he said. "I live opposite here. And I really could not help bringing him home; he would have come last night, but he was scarcely in the condition to do so. I was so busied with him I neglected to send word here. I see you are not a member of the family, so I tell you all this."

"Stop!" said Priscilla, and she was with us, "is thee a companion of my father?" He reddened at the question and the tone. Then he repented what he had said to me.

"Thee has seen him often in his present condition, I suppose?" said Priscilla, harshly. There was no reply. "May I ask thee by what authority thee worried my mother?" she asked.

"Worried your mother?"

"Thee kept my father away all night. No doubt, as thee sees so much, being our opposite neighbor, thee saw my mother up all night."

"I thought I was doing best for all concerned," he said; "had I come last night and apprised

you, no doubt you would have thought me very cruel and vulgar."

"As it is, thee brought my father home—was there no cruelty and vulgarity in that?" She asked it so boldly, so out of keeping with her mother's precepts, that I was shocked. His face flushed again.

"Your father *would* come," he said, "and I—you saw how difficult it was to get him to his room." He stopped. There in the door-way of the back-room stood Friend Jane; and there in the opposite door-way leading to the stairs, was Friend Newberry, regarding her. She went happily to her husband, while Priscilla crossed over to her. The stranger also went to Thomas, speaking lowly but most firmly, and again persuaded him to go to his room. "If you want me to, I shall remain," he said to Jane.

"It is my place, is it not?" she asked.

"I think not," he replied.

"Thee is kind," she said, "and thee is a stranger."

So after a few more words we left Friend Newberry with his Samaritan, and Priscilla, frowning, said:

"It is shameful, it is shameful!"

"O child," said her mother, "rather be thankful thy father is with us again, than to call him a shame."

"I am thinking of the other man, the stranger," she said.

"That is his name," said I, handing the card to her. She put it aside, unnoticing it, and went into the back-room, where we followed. They were more talkative, now that Friend Newberry was in the house again, even easy and sighful from a species of comfort. I said farewell, and Priscilla followed me out into the store.

"Friend Tacy," she whispered, "has thee a very bad opinion of me?"

"I think thee is rather impulsive," I said.

"Does thee think he thinks so?"

"He?"

"The man—where is his card?" She took it from the counter where it lay—"Felix Fenchurch," she read aloud.

"I think thy feeling overcame thy discretion," I said. She walked to the door with me.

"What ought I to do?" she asked; "I do not mean to be unjust, harassed though I am. But think of everything, and then tell me what I should do."

"Thy mother can tell thee best," I said.

"No," she rejoined coldly; "mother is too—too patient. Did thee ever feel angry at offense, and could thee afterward own thee was in the wrong?"

"Not often at thy age; but afterward, oh, yes."

"I shall be old before my time," she said. "I shall ask this man to forgive my outbreak." And left me on the step.

CHAPTER II.

I STAYED away for a week, for I thought that in Friend Newberry's case there might be scenes of contrition which no stranger should witness. When I went, I found Friend Jane more peaceful. The change in Priscilla was particularly apparent.

"Thomas is much improved; he is out walking with his friend," said Jane.

"Verily," I said.

"He is so kind," she went on; "so unobtrusive and thoughtful."

"Mother is prone to be generous," said Priscilla.

"He quite refused to hear Priscilla excuse her former harshness; he thought he was to blame," said her mother; "he said he only meant for the best."

I could restrain myself no longer. "Did thy husband say that?" I asked.

"Nay, nay," said she, "I am not speaking of Thomas now, though thee is kind to take all I have said as his characteristics; and they are—betimes. I refer to his friend, Felix Fenchurch."

"Verily," I said, "and thee has found a friend in Felix Fenchurch, and he quite young to have the forethought of age."

"He is not so very young," said she. "I should say forty-five."

"O mother, does thee think he is so old?" broke in Priscilla. Then added, "Though as for that, I never gave it a thought."

"Yes," said Jane, "I should say that, even a year or two more. Perhaps age seems lighter to unmarried folk than to married, but he looks to me forty-five."

Now a few days after this I went down to Salem, for a spell, and stayed fully a month—thou knows how thee longs for old familiar places thee has lived in, and breathed thy youth away in. When I came back I sought Friend Newberry's. Jane was wonderfully picked up, and Priscilla was even happy.

"Well," said Friend Newberry, coming in, "I think it is time for us to go for our walk in the Park, Priscilla."

"Priscilla is studying botany," ventured Jane, "and she gets piles of ill-smelling weeds in the house every day."

"Thee'd best not let Felix Fenchurch hear thee say so," laughed Priscilla.

"I'll not hear thee, either, Jane," said Friend Newberry. "I am surprised at thee—yea, surprised."

"Humph," said I. And they left the house.

"Thee sees a wondrous change, does thee not?" said Jane; "and there is more yet—and it all seems so sudden. Thee is going to meeting on First-day? Wait until then."

As we sat there, an hour or so after, Felix Fen-

church came in as though he were well acquainted there. He was, as Friend Jane had said, no longer a young man, and there was about him that settled look and manner which places elderly women, not overly intimate out of their own sex, at ease in no time.

"I missed them," he said. He went into the store and sat there reading.

"He has done so much good," said Jane; "he is so kind to Priscilla, too; he told me she was morbid and advising me not to mention it to her, he determined to make her mind healthier, as well as her father's. Hence the botany."

He put in his head. "I shall go out to meet them," he said.

He had been gone but a few minutes when Priscilla and her father came in laden with fern-fronds, and full of explanation about pollen, cross-generation, and the like. Beseems me, both Priscilla and her father were overly sorry at Felix Fenchurch's absence. On Sixth-day, I dropped in for a spell.

"We have a secret from thee," said Priscilla, "thee is to find out on First-day in meeting."

"Oh, yes, thy mother has said something about it. Can I guess it in thy happy look? Is a name to be called in meeting?" I said, seeing it all now.

"Perhaps," she said, gently.

"And who is it, Priscilla?" I asked as kindly as I could, for young women on such occasions so love a kindly voice.

"I do not understand thee," she said.

"Thy lover—who is he?"

She burst into unrestrained laughter. Friend Jane smiled, too.

"Thee never thought it was that?" she said. "Why, Felix Fenchurch has something to do with First-day."

"Yet," said I, "I thought it might be a lover—perhaps Felix—"

"Thee is a poor guesser," cried Priscilla, in confusion.

"Felix Fenchurch is never going to be taken in meeting?" I asked.

This time Jane laughed a little, but Priscilla was bent over her work, quiet.

"Oh, no," replied Jane, "thee knows that is hardly compatible."

"He is not exactly one of the world's people," said Priscilla, as she sewed. "His mother was a Friend—and thee knows father's father was not precisely a Friend himself."

"How does thee know about Felix Fenchurch's mother?" asked Jane.

"He told me."

"Did thee ask him?"

"Surely, mother," she said, "thee attaches importance to it." And Priscilla was not so pleased.

"No," said Jane, turning to me, "thee must

let me keep the secret. But Felix Fenchurch has much to do with it and us."

"Surely," I said, and looked over to Priscilla, and wondered how her mother could be so blind.

First-day came. Meeting seemed very peaceful that day. It was warm outside, and June had come, and sparrows were much emboldened and flitted in and out at the open windows. Friend Ely rose to turn them away; he had to flick his handkerchief several times before they would go. I may have dozed a little. When Elder Hutchins arose and said that the sheep that had been lost and was found was of more account than the many that had remained in the fold, the secret was known to me. The woman beside me shivered a little, and pretty soon her hand found its way under her shawl and pressed my fingers. It was Jane. After meeting, Friend Newberry talked with some men in the yard. He came up to me.

"I am glad to see thee in meeting, Tacy Jones," he said, severely. "I have not seen thee here before,"—as though it were I, and not he, who had missed attendance. Jane was beside me.

"This is what Felix Fenchurch did," she said; "he went to our friends and—oh, I cannot tell it fitly, I am so weak. Thomas is with us again," and waited for him happily.

Now whether it was his joy, or that he braved the whole proceeding, the very next day as I went to Friend Sharpless' for a lawn for my neck, I saw Thomas Newberry, red and smiling.

"Why is thee not botanizing?" I asked.

"I have been," he answered.

"Where? In a close room amongst the rye?" asked I.

He looked at me startled. Then said: "I did not perceive thee there, and to think that thee was there. My! my! Tacy! and at thy age, too!"

"Where is Priscilla?" I asked. "I shall certainly tell her."

He dropped his light manner.

"If thee tells Priscilla, I will tell Jane," he replied, "and thee would not worry the poor woman, would thee?"

I made him walk about with me, even into Friend Sharpless' establishment, where he insisted upon purchasing a kerchief like mine for Jane, and not having the money to pay for it I was necessitated advancing it. We went home, and he handed the kerchief to Jane.

"Oh, thank thee, Thomas," she said, gratefully. "It is so kind of thee; it is so like old times."

Friend Newberry told us he had missed Priscilla and Felix Fenchurch. I waited—Friend Newberry becoming much engrossed in the *Intelligencer*. But never once would he stir from where we two women were. When Jane lead me to the kitchen to see her strawberry preserves, he came in.

"Why, father, what's thee doing here?" asked Jane.

"I am cold," returned he.

"I hope thee took no chill, yesterday," she said, anxiously; "thee is scarcely used to the meeting-house yard."

"Humph!" said I.

He followed us into the back-room.

"If thee's cold, the kitchen's the place for thee," said his wife.

"I am hot, now," he replied.

"Let me feel thy head," said she; "if thee has a fever, I shall make thee a bowl of ginger-tea against bed-time. That is good, don't thee think so, Tacy?"

Felix Fenchurch and Priscilla came in.

"Father, thee ran away from us," said Priscilla, merrily.

"I saw thee and Friend Fenchurch so engrossed, and I remembered me of a—trifling matter in—the grain trade, I had to attend to," he answered, looking over toward me gradually.

Priscilla and Felix Fenchurch had been engrossed! Oh! to have seen how red Priscilla's face was—surely her mother was blind. I still had my bonnet and shawl on.

"Thee will stay," said Priscilla, when she saw me regarding her. "Thy bonnet must be very close this-warm day."

"It is warm," said her mother; "any one would see it was warm out by thy flushed face, Priscilla."

"No," I said, "I will not stay. I should like Felix Fenchurch to instruct me a little in his craft. I wish to speak to him about it now. We will leave together."

So when he arose I accompanied him, to the wonder of all.

"Thee held thy secret from me," I said. "Now it is my turn."

"Friend Fenchurch," said Friend Newberry, "I desire to speak to thee about that new temperance society," and went with him into the store.

"Mother," said Priscilla, "do I smell the preserves burning?"

"I hope not," cried her mother, and ran to the kitchen.

Then Priscilla came to me flutteringly.

"Friend," she said, "I know what thee means when thee says thee has thy secret; thy secret is mine—thee has guessed it."

"I guessed it ere this," I said, "but thee said I guessed wrong, and laughed."

"I did not know it then—thee put it in my mind that day—thee made me think of his name and mine called in meeting. But—and he is a Friend by birthright—were thee to guess now, as thee did then, I should not laugh."

"And Felix Fenchurch has somewhat to do with it?"

"All," she said.

"But why will thee not tell thy mother, Priscilla? I see that is what thee means."

"Mother would tell father, and I fear—oh, thee knows I have not great faith in poor father yet. And I suppose I am wicked in not having such. But mother will tell him everything, and if he knows that Fe—Friend Fenchurch is—is intimate, so to speak, with me, he will not nearly so readily obey the authority exerted over him."

And her mother was here. When I got out with Felix Fenchurch, I told him of Friend Newberry's fresh dereliction. He feared as much; he hoped for a radical cure; he had a theory.

"I shall not mention the subject of reform for some time," he said, "letting him think all vigilance relaxed. You evidently think this a fanciful theory. Yet it is the same idea which physicians work out when they create a new wound to cure an old one. When the liking for liquor is satisfied by deep potations, the hatred of it will come." He said much more, ending by saying, "But you will not say a word to Priscilla, or his wife—though I might count on Priscilla a little, too."

"Thee evidently counts on Priscilla considerably," I said. "She has made much clear to me—she wants thee to retain thy influence over her father, which thee would not have were he told her secret. Thee heard me mention the secret they all had from me?"

"You mean relative to his re-admission into meeting?"

"And thee heard me say that now I had a secret from them? It is Priscilla's—and thine."

He took my hand and thanked me, and told me more of what he meant to do.

CHAPTER III.

I COULD not but be nervous and out looking now. Priscilla was so inestimably sweet that I wondered I had never before noticed the power of the human affections. To be sure, she had also the satisfaction of seeing her father no longer at variance with reasonable demeanor; and there was the happy thought that her troubles were vested in one whose firmness with her father argued so well—and who was that one? She hovered about her mother, doing little, unnecessary things for her comfort, and in so doing, I could see that she tried to make some amends for keeping the blissful secret from her. She even seemed to cling more to her father, maybe, arguing that but for his fault, she would not have been thus happy.

Again, it was strange to me how Friend Jane could so quickly forget her years of trial and apparently settle down to rest and ease. Everything had taken a sudden turn here. But there was change for all near at hand! Once, when Friend Newberry came home flushed and smiling, Priscilla looked up startled, and I frowned over to her not to make any outcry. She came to me dearly, as I was leaving.

"Priscilla," I said, "be of good cheer. 'Now, after ye have known God, how turn ye to the beggarly elements whereunto ye desire again to be in bondage?' And Felix Fenchurch knows."

"I can guess so much, and it shames me. For now, that he is so much to me, I hate him see father so careless and of small account."

After that, Friend Newberry often came home bland and smiling, and was perverse in many ways, and watched Friend Fenchurch keenly, and saw no blame in that direction. One day, I came as usual, and the instant I set my eyes on Jane I saw that she, too, had noticed at last. Thomas was in a corner, napping. Priscilla came to her, and kissed her.

"Mother, it will come right," she said. "It is borne in upon me that it will."

"Of course, dear," answered her mother. "Thee must not think that I complain. The Lord's hand is in it all, is it not, child?" and looked up into her daughter's eyes, wistfully. She could but see I understood.

"Forgive me, Friend," she said, "but—thee are all so good, even—even Thomas."

For she held to him, and in this new attack which promised virulence, he was universally kind to her and cross to Priscilla, who seemed to have lost all control over him. But Jane shrank under this new ordeal as though she had no former experience.

"I had hoped so much," she said.

And one day, when she was more miserable and weak than usual, I spoke to Priscilla.

"Take thy mother to Fairhill," I said. "I will tend store for thee."

A light leaped up in Jane's eyes. I tied her bonnet-strings for her, and watched her go away leaning on Priscilla. Friend Newberry came in soon after, and I told him.

"Everything is gone from me," he whispered to himself. He was very low this day, and came and cried, and said he was weak and foolish, and Jane had made him better, and what should he do. Then he became angered, and went out and in, out and in, each time returning more unmanageable. I hoped no customer would chance in.

"I intend reporting thee in full meeting," he said, shaking his finger at me, and wiping his face with his hand as though crawling things were upon him. Then he started up, his face purple, his eyes fixed, his hands waving in the air.

"The cats," he cried, "see them—there they are, with burning eyeballs. The toads, the snakes, their name is legion, like the devils in the youth of the tombs—and Jane is near the tombs now and cannot cast them forth. And look! the camels are coming! the camels are coming!"

"I believe there is a clannish, worldly song of that title," I said, scarcely comprehending him, but a smothering fear smiting me, and making my

tongue foolish, "but I hope thee is not about to take to vocalizing in thy aged days."

"Song!" he screeched; "thee pestiferous creature, is thee given to the vanities of the world? Moderation in all things, moderation in all things, I say. Thee is—a camel, I see thy hump. Thee's a hard-mouthed beast of burden, that never drinks but once in a fortnight. Thee is an arid camel—everything is a camel." He went through the house screaming.

In one of his absences from the store, and while my heart was thumping with a sort of terror I could in no wise restrain, I marked a strange, smiling woman pass by and look in—it was the woman I had waited on long ago, thee knows, who had not known what she wanted. I noted even then that she was altogether superabundantly juvenile for one of her age. She looked in so vividly that I could but notice her, standing for an instant quite still. I feared that she had been attracted by the noise within.

With what thankfulness I saw Felix Fenchurch enter. He hurriedly explained to me that he meant to have Friend Newberry to a hospital adjacent to the Park, and he hoped, theoretically, for a radical change. I was to tell Friend Jane that her husband had gone with him on small notice to visit some friends, as Felix Fenchurch proposed staying at the hospital with him. So on, so on; it is scarcely to the purpose to chronicle it all here, and there was such a rush upon me, that although I recollect it all, it is difficult to repeat it in regular sequence. Before I had recovered from my agitation, I was alone in the house, thinking how I should impart it to Jane. I was thankful she stayed long. When she came in, the Fairhill peace was in her eyes, and I told her as Felix Fenchurch had said. She sighed, partly from relief I thought; and Priscilla understood. After that, at the invitation of Friend Jane, I went to stay with her for awhile until the return of Thomas. I was company for her, I suppose, for Priscilla went out, presumably to the Park.

"Thee does not mind, mother," she said. "Then Friend Tacy is here—I would not leave thee alone."

"Nay," said her mother, "if thee is happier, go, dear."

And I saw in Priscilla's face that this imputation of happiness apart from the duty of remaining with her mother, hurt her, while she dared not explain. I knew, too, that Priscilla went daily to the hospital where her father was. I think, though, something in Priscilla's manner, which was necessarily constrained, yet at fever pitch at the same time, hurt her mother; for she often regarded her, and something of the truth may have forced itself upon her mind. She grew sick in body, often let me go down-stairs of mornings before she arose, and was in all things a sinking woman. I remonstrated with Priscilla. And

yet, what could we do? So I once did what Priscilla had told me not to do.

"Friend Jane," I said, "has thee noticed anything odd in Priscilla, lately?"

She looked at me searchingly, eagerly.

"Thee knows I have," she said; "and what is it? Tell me!"

So I told her of Priscilla's love for Felix Fenchurch, and why Priscilla had not told her. She was very happy; she rubbed one hand over the back of the other in helpless joy.

"And to think I was so selfish as not to know," she said. "And, oh, if her father only knew!"

"There thee goes, already," I said. "Her father! He is not to be told yet, thee knows."

"Just like me," she said, happily, "always forgetful."

After a bit, Priscilla came in. Jane arose to meet her, never saying a word, but standing, smiling softly, her arms both held out. No wonder Priscilla understood and ran and threw herself upon her mother's breast.

"O mother, mother," she said, and that was all. "O mother, mother."

I went for awhile and sat in the store. After that Friend Jane was happy, often loving to hold Priscilla's hand in hers.

"A mother sees herself in her daughter in times like these, Tacy," she said.

But let me hurry. One afternoon, as we sat in the back-room, some one entered the store.

"I will go," said Friend Jane. "Don't thee disturb thyself."

I heard her say in the store:

"Thee may take it on thy say-so, not on my say-so," and a woman laughed.

I could not help looking; it was the woman I had noticed peering in at the store-door—the woman who had been my customer. She was glancing around, a well-favored woman, but too juvenile.

"This seems a very peaceful place," she said.

"Peace cometh to all places," said Jane.

"You think so?"

"Does thee not?"

"Do I? Thank you, that will do. Nothing else to-day."

Still she lingered.

"I may not be a total stranger to all of you here," she said, with a burst of confidence, "and I have been tempted to come in often from curiosity. There is a very pretty girl lives here. Your daughter?"

"I have a daughter," said Jane.

"Ah, yes; a very pretty face. How cool you Quakeresses all look; if I could fold a kerchief like that I should always wear one."

"Yes?" said Jane.

Still the woman lingered.

"Is thee tired?" asked Jane. "Peradventure, thee would like to rest awhile?"

"No, I am not tired; although I have walked about a good deal lately—and what do you suppose to find? Why, a man I knew when I was younger. Think me bold, if you want to, but your face invites confidence—I have often looked in at you from outside. And then—by the way, I see a gentleman come here often. I will not venture to tell his name, I may not know his right name, he was false in so many other things."

"I think thee is mistaken, no such man comes here; we have few regular customers, all women."

"Oh, yes, he does come. I have seen him go out with the pretty girl and another man. Maybe he adopts the tenets of his old religion now—he had a Friend's birth-right, I believe you call it, a Quaker."

"Surely, his name—"

"Oh, no; I do not want to know it. I may and may not know it; the doubt's pleasantest. But the spirit of inquiry is strong upon me, as you Quakers would say. I am said to be a restless, determined woman. I was a silly thing and believed everything once. I am sure you could tell me this man's name. I believe he is something to you, a brother, perhaps. However, I will not press, I never tell what I do not want to, either. You have a kind face; I wish I were like you. Good-bye!"

When Jane came in she looked at me. All that day she was quiet and preoccupied. On the morrow, Priscilla was out as usual. In came the woman. Jane hurried to her.

"I waited to see your daughter go," said the woman, "as I find she goes out every day. Are you a widow?"

"My husband is away," said Jane. "How can I serve thee?"

"You doubt me, I see. May I tell you something?"

Then the woman made a long explanation. I lost much of what she said; I scarcely thought I was justified in trying to listen, though I could not fail to hear much.

"It might be called a harmless deception," she said, "except that the consequences are dreary. He only made me think he cared for me when he did not—merely flirted with me, as it is called, and I did not know it. I am old enough now to see what a fool I was then, but that is small recompense. It hurt me then, Quakeress, and the sting remained long. That one deception wrecked my life—I liked him so once, and from believing his falsehood, I grew to doubt truth and falsehood alike—everything seemed false to me after I knew his deception. I have grown tired, I have led a cynical but frivolous life. I have wandered listlessly around for years. I was walking in this city, when I came upon this man some time ago. I followed him—he came here. I thought all this nonsense was dead in me, but the sight of him awoke some old dreams. And after

all these years I recognized him, think of that. I thought I despised and hated him, but the sight of him altered that. Don't laugh at the sentiment—and it was but a harmless deception, as the world, to a great extent, would call it, but he was engaged to marry another girl while he professed to care for me. Maybe, he didn't love her any more than he did me, poor thing! Oh, words! words! but for them I should, I sometimes think, have been a patient, gentle woman with little children around me—even grown children, for I am not many years younger than you. As it is, I have fought the world without enough love for it to forgive it when I conquered it."

I could not hear what else she said. I could not hear what Jane said. Fully fifteen minutes more passed before the woman went. Then Jane came in.

"Thee heard," she said, with white face; "thee understands the gist of it? Can I let Priscilla know? The man is Felix Fenchurch, I am convinced of that, and my child shall never marry a man who has brought a woman to this one's straights—maybe two women, for he never married, fickle, false man."

"But the woman may be mistaken—then she is not to be believed in all things without proof," I said.

"I believe her; thee did not hear all," she answered, and with more positiveness than I had ever heard from her. I waited until Priscilla came home, then I left. I went out with the purpose full upon me to tell Felix Fenchurch at the hospital. When I met him, I could not tell him.

"You have come to inquire?" he said.

"Verily, the spirit of inquiry is full upon me," I replied, using that woman's very words.

"He is better; the delirium is gone. But the natural consequences are here. He has been miserably alive to his faults. His wife is not worried, Priscilla tells me; and she knows about—Priscilla and me."

"She is a patient woman," I said.

"As her husband fully recognizes," he returned, "for he is sad, and guilty, thinking of her—he is doubtful of all save her, who alone causes him to feel guilty."

"Guilt is not always thus shown," I said, regarding him. He answered:

"I think guilt is almost blessed when the attributes of contrition come; and that a higher power than ours makes it bitter for us to bear its penalties, because we can hope for forgiveness when we feel we are worthy of blame."

I could say nothing to him then.

CHAPTER IV.

WHEN I came back to the store, no one was there. I entered the back-room, and in the twilight I saw Priscilla kneeling on the floor,

her face buried in her mother's lap. Jane was speaking when I entered, but stopped, saying in a soft voice,

"Priscilla, here is Tacy. I have told Priscilla all," aloud to me.

I went and sat in the store. I heard the comforting words Friend Jane used, to which she received no answer. After a long time Priscilla's deep voice sounded.

"I will always love him, mother; but I will try to forget him," she said.

"Thee has not known him so long, dear," rejoined her mother, "and it may not be so hard. I do not inflict this upon thee, I only tell thee for the best."

"O mother," cried Priscilla, and heeding not the latter part of her mother's speech, "has thee lived so long and never known that it takes longer to forget love than to gain it?"

There was such pain in her voice that I bowed my head on my hand. It came almost night as I rested thus, when I started up finding Friend Jane's hand upon my shoulder.

"It is dark," she said.

"It is dark," I cried, and placed my arm about her. Then we waited a little while.

"She is gone to bed," she said, and went and made a light.

On the morrow, Priscilla had a hard look in her face. She made no move to go out. I went instead.

"Priscilla could not come," I said. Felix Fenchurch looked at me. Could I tell him? No, the haggard look on his face of solitary vigil for her father's sake, forbade me. For days this went on and Priscilla never stirred from the house. One day she said to me,

"Thee has been to hear of father; is he better?"

"He will be there but a matter of days," I answered. "He goes for a walk in the Park every day, even now. I do not see why thee does not go to see thy father; I will not see thee so weak. Nor do I know why thee stays so much in the house."

"Does thee want to know that?" she said, boldly. "I want to see this woman. I want to see my prototype had I believed in him—oh, no, no, I *did* believe in him, I do not quite mean that."

The next day came a letter for Priscilla. She brought it to me.

"Read it," she said; and I read what is termed a love-letter for the first time in my life.

"I have no right to read this," said I, after I had mastered its contents, as we sometimes feel late compunction.

"Neither have I," she returned; "only one has."

"The woman?" I asked, miscomprehending her.

She tore the letter from my hand.

"Give it to me," she cried. "My mother only has the right, and I dare not show it to her, because it speaks of father, and I will protect my mother now. She was never false to me or any one."

On the afternoon of that day, Priscilla, her mother, and I sat at work, when there came the rustling of a silken gown in the store. We all knew it was the woman there. Friend Jane, looking at Priscilla, arose and left the room. Priscilla went toward the door, and halted, grasping the back of a chair.

"Is it right for me to see her?" she said.

"If thee thinks anything of the man, no; if thee means to put him out of thy heart, go look and hear," I said to her.

She immediately went to the door, looking firmly at me, and, closed it tightly, and went upstairs pulling the entry-door after her. Remember, both doors were closed; it was but a small room at best, and the day was passing warm. The door leading into the store gave the only draught we had. After awhile, therefore, I arose and opened that door again. Friend Jane was talking softly to the woman. I could not see Jane, as she was back of the counter. The woman answered her as softly, and once I saw her put her handkerchief to her eyes. At last I heard her say,

"Let me look at it once more," and a daguerreotype was placed on the counter by Jane's hand.

"Thee can still retain it, if thee so wishes," said Jane.

"No, I do not want it," returned the woman; "but I cared much for him; indeed, indeed, I did."

She was looking at the picture all the time she spoke. She closed the case, passing it over the counter again.

"I brought it only because I seemed to think you doubted me," she went on; "and yet even now I do not want you to tell me who he is. Let him be nameless between us. If he is your brother, or friend, or relative, don't blame him, pity me for believing too much—maybe I liked him so well I deceived myself, poor boy! Yes, keep the picture, I ought not to have it, maybe, if he is—oh, how sentimental all this is! But I want you to believe that I came here at times when I was sure he was not here. I do not want to meet him; why should I? But, then, he would scarcely remember me—I was not much to him, and only women remember very well, don't you think so? You are so kind. There! tell me, is he related to you? But, no, don't answer—I don't want to know; I will spare you, too, for you do not want to tell me."

"Thank thee," said Jane, as the woman arose and shook out her garments. "And thee leaves the city to-morrow?"

"Yes. But first I am going—where do you think I am going?"

"I cannot guess."

"I am going to the Park, around the places he must have liked when he went botanizing. I have seen him there."

"Yes?"

"Will you shake hand with me?"

Jane apparently hesitated.

"Oh, well," the woman said, laughing, nervously, "you are quite right—I had no right; I have been foolish and impulsive as ever in coming here at all. I—never mind," and moved toward the door.

"Stop," called out Jane, and she hurried to her.

"I will kiss thee."

Without a word, but with a lowered head, the woman went out, and only a lingering scent of perfume attested that she had been here. When Jane came in she did not remark about or offer to let me see the daguerreotype, although I saw her put it in her pocket.

"Where is Priscilla?" she asked.

I told her.

"Tacy," she said, "I want thee to tell me where Thomas and Felix Fenchurch are—I want thee to tell me exactly. I have the right, remember, and I must see Felix Fenchurch."

No one could have resisted had they seen and heard her. I told her her husband was nearly well. "And thee has but one to thank for it," I said, "and be not overly harsh with that one, no matter what, thee feels—do not seek an interview with him, feeling too much for Priscilla and the woman."

She answered not for a little while. "Friend," she said, at length, "look at me! I to say one word derogatory of Felix Fenchurch or any one! I am so willful, so wrong myself often. I reason oddly. But say nothing of this to Priscilla, for I cannot explain to her, I never can properly. I must prevaricate a little to her, maybe: I must only tell her I was mistaken in myself, that I thought myself stronger. Thee may know all sometime—yes, I will tell thee for Priscilla's sake. How wrongly I argue I can only prove to thee when I say that Priscilla has my consent to marry Felix Fenchurch."

"Jane!" I cried, for I perceived that her pity for Priscilla had overthrown her moral nature, and now that the woman was gone she extenuated everything. Then, too, she had the picture, the only thing the woman had had of his—he was safe from censure even in so much.

"Hush!" she said, "I ought never to have said a word to thee; I ought to have kept it all to myself from the beginning."

In the night she came to me. "I have made Priscilla promise to go to her father in the morning," she said; "he shall not miss her any more."

In the morning, came Priscilla, calm and collected, with a set purpose in her eyes.

"Thee knows where I am going," she said. "I go for mother's sake; I must not worry her by refusing her. But I shall have spoken before I come home again."

"To Felix Fenchurch?"

"It is my right," she said, and left me.

The fire of the opal was in her eyes now. But what a summons came to Jane! After Priscilla had been gone a little while a man came in, and Jane went to him. She came back, holding a letter from the strange woman in her hand.

"Read it," she said, laconically.

"I am dying," read the note; "I was trampled on by horses in the Park. I tried to save a man, and met my own death. I will tell you more if you come to me. A nurse is writing this, and I cannot tell how many eyes will look on it before yours do. If you will not come, pray for me."

"Thee will go?" I asked.

"Can thee ask?" she said.

"I will go with thee, then," I said; "I must go, Priscilla is there."

"What does thee mean?" she cried.

I pointed to the printed heading of the note; it was from the same hospital where Friend Newberry lay. She put her hand to her head.

"I had not noticed," she said; "I forget so." And then, in a new voice, cried: "The Lord hath shown me the way! the Lord hath shown me the way!"

I could not understand her. We locked the door and went to the hospital. Once there, she left me and went somewhere in the building. She stayed so long—so long that I was wrought upon. At last she came.

"Tacy," she cried, "the Lord has called her," and sat down with her hand over her face a good while. At last a man came.

"They are here," he said.

"I sent for Felix Fenchurch and Priscilla," she explained, turning to me, and we went to them.

"Mother," cried Priscilla, "thee here?"

Jane leaned over and kissed her.

"Friend Fenchurch," she said, trembling a good deal, "I want thee to go with me to see a dead woman. Priscilla," she said, smiling wanly, "the woman who came to the store, thee knows who, is here dead from accident. It was Thomas she saved, Tacy; he was walking and became bewildered, she pulled him from the horses' feet, and fell herself. It was a great deed to save a human life. I want Friend Fenchurch to look upon her face."

"Mother! mother!" from Priscilla.

But we went along, even to the door of the woman's room. I stayed outside—who was I to look

upon that face! I saw Felix Fenchurch gazing, though.

"She saved your husband," he said to Jane; "did you know her?"

He had refused to recognize her! Priscilla fell in a heap at my feet. In the parlor we revived the child, and her mother said, among other things:

"I made much of nothing, Priscilla."

"Mother, thee is not deceiving me because of thy love?"

"Nay, thee must believe in me, child. I will tell thee further. Then, in truth, a falsehood is— Ask me nothing, now. A lie in words! Go to Felix Fenchurch."

"And thee is sure he is not to blame? for he is much to me."

"I give thee to him, that is my answer, Priscilla."

They talked in a low voice till Felix Fenchurch entered. Then there was a feeble knocking on the door, and there was Friend Newberry, sad of visage, pale and kindly.

"Jane!" he said, "I knew it was thee, Jane, I have wanted thee so, truest, best of wives. Thee has heard how a woman died for me to-day; let me live for thee henceforth, Jane, Jane."

She went to him instantly, turning him around that we might not see his face as he held on to her. She took him by the arm.

"Thee is so thin, Thomas," she said; "we must nurse thee up."

"Nay, Jane," he rejoined, "fat with the Lord's increase, strong for the first time in my life—strong as thee has been in bearing and forbearing. My moral sight is not well yet, mother; I see men as trees walking."

"The Spirit will anoint thee further," she said.

After awhile, as we left the hospital, she turned to him.

"Thomas," she said, "will thee mind going home with Priscilla and Friend Fenchurch? I should so like to go to Fairhill with Tacy. Yet, if thee would rather I—"

"How can thee think I would deny thee anything," he said; "but come back soon, I am so lost without thee."

So we left them, Priscilla looking back to kiss her hand to her mother, as she walked away between her father and Felix Fenchurch. And Jane and I went out to Fairhill, and she attended to the resting-place of her children.

"I shall wait for sunset," she said, "I always do; the clouds are very beautiful then."

So we waited, and I thought of her distrustfully, for the first time. How could she give her child to Felix Fenchurch, reasoning as she should? Why had she grown so criminally weak? And yet I could say nothing, nay, dared not, while a certain new dignity seemed to have grown in her

face. When the sunset had come she sat down beside the three little mounds, and as once before I had seen her do, she flecked a little leaf from the least of the three. Then she turned to me, as all the shining west illumined her face.

"Friend," she said, "I am forgetful as usual. Forgive me! I told thee I might let thee know all. I feel that I must satisfy thee that I am not harmfully deceiving in this matter; do not think harshly of me, dear, do not. That woman who died for Thomas was a noble, pure woman, and they told her he was my husband after she had saved him. Then she sent for me—she said she loved me, God bless her. Here, thee shall know what I mean, and never ask me more."

She took the daguerreotype from her pocket and placed it in my hand. I looked at her before I opened the case: her eyes were fixed on the light clouds, her lips almost smiling, her arms crossed over her breast as though a little child were fondled there. Then I opened the case. And although years had wrought their changes, the face I looked upon was the face of her husband, Thomas Newberry.

ROBERT C. MEYERS.

A WORD FITLY SPOKEN.

DR. ADAM CLARKE says, in his autobiography, "A stranger who was itinerating as a teacher, called upon my father, and requested permission to examine some of the boys: I was among the number. My father, by way of relieving the feelings of the man, said: 'That boy is very slow at learning; I fear you will not be able to do much with him.' My heart sank. I would have given the world to have been as some of the boys around me. The man spoke with kindness; gave me some directions, and, laying his hand upon my head, observed, 'this lad will make a good scholar yet.' I felt his kindness; it raised my spirits; the possibility of being able to learn, was in this moment, and for the first time, impressed upon my mind; a ray of hope sprang up within me; in that hope, I lived and labored; it seemed to create power; my lessons were all committed to memory with ease, and I could have doubled the effort had it been required." From this period, Adam never looked back and never paused. The same quickness of perception, and tenacity of memory, discoverable from the first dawning of intelligence as applied to other things, now accompanied his pursuit of learning; he was no longer like the animal tampering round the same spot, in consequence of the chain by which it is bound; he became like the racer; there was progress in every movement; he sped over the course with prodigious swiftness, and he felt the pleasure of it himself.

THE COLPORTEUR.

"WHICH way, stranger?" said a rough-looking farmer, to a man who was carrying a well-filled valise. The latter was in the act of raising the latch of a gate, which opened from the public road into a narrow lane leading to a small country-house of no very inviting aspect.

The person thus addressed, turned and fixed a pair of mild, yet steady and penetrating eyes, upon the speaker.

"Which way, stranger?" was repeated, though in modified and more respectful tones.

"Who lives there?" said the stranger, pointing to the house just in view from the road.

"Dick Jones," was answered.

"What kind of a man is he?" next inquired the stranger.

"Rather a hard case. You'd better not go there."

"Why?"

"Ain't you the man that sells Bibles and talks religion?"

"Suppose I am?"

"Take a friend's advice then, and keep away from Dick Jones. He'll insult you—may be, do worse."

"I reckon not," replied the colporteur, for such he was.

"He will, as sure as fate. I've heard him say, over and over again, that if one of you Bible-sellers dared to come inside of his gate, he'd set his dogs on you. And he's just the man to keep his word. So, take a friend's advice, and let him alone. No good will come of it."

"Has he a wife and children?" inquired the colporteur.

"A wife and two little boys."

"What kind of a woman is his wife?"

"Oh, she'll do well enough. But neighbors don't go there much on account of her husband, who is a very imp of Satan, if the truth must be spoken."

"Like the blessed Master," was replied to this, "I come not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance. Of all things in the world, the Bible is most needed at Dick Jones's; and I am bound to place one there."

"Oh, very well. Follow your own bent," said the farmer, slightly annoyed at the other's pertinacity. "You'll remember that I warned you, when his dogs are at your heels, or his horse-whip over your shoulders. So, good morning to you."

"Good morning," returned the stranger, cheerfully, as he threw open the ill-hung gate, and entered the forbidden grounds of Dick Jones.

Now, our brave friend, the colporteur, was not a strong, robust man, able to meet and resist physical

violence. In the use of carnal weapons, he had no skill. But he had a confident spirit, a strong heart, and above all, an unwavering confidence in the protecting power of Him in whose service he was devoting his life.

Even on the grounds of Dick Jones, the birds sang sweetly, the cool breezes sported amid the leafy branches, and the breaths of a thousand flowers mingled their fragrance on the air; and, even as the colporteur trod these grounds, he felt and enjoyed the tranquil beauty and peace of nature. There was no shrinking in his heart. He was not in terror of the lions that crouched on his path. Soon he stood at the open door of a house around which was no air of comfort, nor a single vestige of taste.

"Who's there? What's wanted?" was the repulsive salutation of a woman, who hurriedly drew an old handkerchief across her brown neck and half-exposed bosom, on seeing a stranger.

"May God's peace be on this house!" said the colporteur, in a low, reverent voice, as he stood, one foot on the ground, and the other across the threshold.

A change passed instantly over the woman's face. Its whole expression softened. But she did not invite the stranger to enter.

"Go—go," she said, in a hurried voice. "Go away quickly! My husband will be here directly, and he—"

She paused, leaving the sentence unfinished, as if reluctant to speak what was in her mind.

"Why should I go away quickly?" asked the stranger, as he stepped into the room, taking off his hat respectfully, and seating himself in a chair. "I wish to see and speak with your husband. Mr. Jones, I believe, is his name?"

"Yes, sir, his name is Jones. But he don't want to see you."

"Don't want to see me! How do you know? Who am I?"

"I don't know your name, sir," answered the woman, timidly; "but I know who you are? You go around selling good books and talking religion to the people."

"True enough, Mrs. Jones," said the colporteur, seriously, yet with a pleasant smile on his face as he spoke. "And I have come to have a little talk with your husband, and see if I can't get him to buy some of my good books. Have you a Bible?"

"No, sir. My husband says he hates the Bible. When we were first married, I had an old Testament, but he never could bear to see me reading it. Somehow, it got lost; I always thought he carried it away, or threw it into the fire. He won't talk to you, sir. He won't have your books. He's a very bad-tempered man, sometimes, and I'm afraid he'll do you harm. O sir, I wish you would go away."

But, instead of showing any alarm or anxiety at Mrs. Jones's account of her husband, the stranger commenced opening his valise, from which he soon produced a plainly bound copy of the Bible.

"How long since you were married?" asked the colporteur, as he opened the Bible and commenced turning over the leaves.

"Twelve years come next May, sir," was answered.

"How long is it since you lost the Testament?"

"Most eleven years."

"Do you go to church?"

"To church!" The woman looked surprised at the question. "Dear sakes, no! I haven't been inside of a church since I was married."

"Wouldn't you like to go?"

"What 'ud be the use? I wouldn't say 'church' to Dick for the world."

"Then you haven't read the Bible yourself, nor heard anybody else read it, since you lost the Testament?"

"No, sir."

"You shall have that blessed privilege once again in your life," said the stranger, raising the book toward his eyes, and making preparation to read.

"Indeed, sir, I'm afraid. I'm looking for my husband every minute," interposed the woman. "He's always said he'd kick the first Bible-seller out of his house that dared to cross his door. And he'll do it. He's very wicked and passionate, sometimes. Do, sir, please go away. If I had any money, I'd take the Bible and hide it from him; but I haven't. Please don't stay any longer. Don't begin to read. If he comes in and finds you reading, he'll be mad enough to kill you."

But, for all this, the colporteur sat unmoved. As the woman ceased speaking, he commenced reading to her the beautiful chapter from our Lord's sermon on the Mount, beginning with—"Take heed that ye do not your alms before men to be seen of them; otherwise ye have no reward of your Father which is in heaven." As he proceeded in a low, distinct, reverential voice, the woman's agitation gradually subsided, and she leaned forward listening more and more intently, until all thoughts and feelings were absorbed in the holy words that were filling her ears. When the colporteur finished the chapter, he raised his eyes to the face of the woman, and saw that it was wet with tears. At that instant, a form darkened the door. It was the form of Dick Jones.

"Ha!" he exclaimed in a harsh voice. "What's this? Who are you?"

Comprehending now the scene before him, Jones began swearing awfully, at the same time ordering the stranger to leave his house, threatening to kick him from the door if he didn't move in-

stantly. The tearful wife stepped between her husband and the object of his wrath; but he swept her aside roughly and with curses.

"Go, before I fling you into the road!" And the strong man, every iron muscle tense with anger, stood towering above the stranger's slender form, like an eagle above its prey.

How calm and fearless the stranger sat, his mild, deep, almost spiritual eyes, fixed on those of his mad assailant.

"Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits."

Low yet thrilling was the voice in which these words found almost spontaneous utterance. He had taken no forethought as to what he should say. Hither he had come at the prompting of duty, and now, when a raging lion was in his path, he shrunk not back in terror, but resting in a Divine power, moved steadily onward.

"Clear out from here, I say!" The voice of Dick Jones was angry still; yet something of its evil purpose was gone.

"The Lord is my light, and my salvation: whom shall I fear? The Lord is my strength and my life: of whom shall I be afraid?"

Neither loud nor in self-confidence was this spoken; else would it not have fallen on the ears of that evil-minded man with so strange a power.

"Why have you come here to trouble me? Go now—go, before I do you harm," said Dick Jones, greatly subdued in manner, and sinking into his chair as he spoke.

The colporteur, moved less by thought than impulse, opened the Bible which had been closed on the entrance of Jones, and commenced reading. All was still, now, save the low, eloquent voice of the stranger, as he read from the Holy Book. The wife of Jones, who had stood half-paralyzed with terror in a distant part of the room, whither an impatient arm had flung her, seeing the wonderful change that was passing, stole quietly to her husband's side, and, bending her head, even as his was bent, listened, with an almost charmed attention to the Word of Life, as read by the man of God, who had penetrated the dense moral wilderness in which they had so long dwelt.

"Let us pray."

How strangely these words sounded! They seemed spoken as from the heavens above them, and by a voice that they could not disregard.

Brief, yet earnest, and in fitting language, was the prayer then tearfully made, and responded to with tears. When the "Amen" was said, and the pious colporteur arose from his knees, what a change had taken place! The raging lion had become a lamb. The strong, wicked contemner of the good, was gentle and teachable as a little child.

Once more the colporteur read from the Holy

Book, while the man and his wife listened with bent heads, and earnest, thoughtful faces.

"Shall I leave you this Bible?" said he, rising at length, and making a motion to retire.

"If you will sell it to us," said Dick Jones.

"It is yours on any terms you please. The price is low. I have other good books; but this is the best of all, for it is God's own Book, in which He speaks to His erring, unhappy children, saying to them, 'Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' Read this first, my friends; read it in the morning, as soon as you rise, and in the evening before you retire. Read it together, and, if you feel an impulse to pray, kneel down, and silently, if you cannot speak aloud, say over the words of that beautiful prayer the Saviour taught His disciples,—the prayer your mothers taught you when you were innocent children—'Our Father, who art in heaven.' In a few weeks I will pass this way again. Shall I call to see you?"

"Oh, yes. Do call," said Jones, his voice trembling; though it was plain he struggled hard with the flood of new emotions that was sweeping over him.

"May God's peace rest upon this house!" The stranger stood with lifted hands and head bent reverently for a moment. Then, turning away, he passed from the door, and, in a few moments, was out of sight.

A month later the colporteur came again that way. How different was his reception at the house of Dick Jones! The moment the eyes of the latter rested upon him, it seemed as if a sunbeam fell suddenly on his rugged features.

"All is well, I see." The colporteur spoke cheerfully, and with a radiant smile. "A Bible in the house is a blessing to its inmates."

"It has been a blessing to us," said the happy wife, her eyes full of tears. "O sir, we can never be done reading the Good Book. It seems, sometimes, as if the words were just written for us. And the children ask me, many times a day, if I won't read to them about Joseph and his brethren, the three Hebrew children, or Daniel in the den of lions. Often, when they have been so ill-natured and quarrelsome that I could do nothing with them, have I stopped my work, and sat down among them with the Bible, and began to read one of its beautiful stories. Oh, it acted like a charm! All anger would die instantly; and when I closed the book, and they went to their play again, I would not hear an ugly word among them, maybe, for hours. And Richard, too—" she glanced toward her husband, who smiled, and she went on. "And Richard, too—I haven't heard him swear an oath since you were here; and he isn't angry with things that can't be helped near as often as he used to be. Oh, yes, indeed,

sir; it is true. A Bible in the house is a blessing to its inmates."

"If that were the only fruit of my labor," said the colporteur, as he walked slowly and thoughtfully away from the house of Dick Jones an hour later, "it would be worth all the toil and sacrifice I have given to the work. But this is not the only good ground into which the seed I am scattering broadcast, as it were, has fallen. God's rain, and dew, and sunshine, are upon it, and it must spring up, and grow, and ripen to the harvest. Let me not grow faint or weary."

And with a stronger heart and a more earnest purpose he went on his way. T. S. A.

WHAT THE ROBIN TAUGHT ME.

"Not few nor far between are the burdens of life; then increase not their weight by heaviness of spirit."

TUPPER.

THE little robin that perched in early spring beside my window, and sang the clearest, sweetest roundelay, felt something more than "content;" he was absolutely cheerful, though the winds blew cold, and the sky was gray above him, and nothing gave the least bit of a promise of the sunshine and warmth, and cozy nest he was to have in summer.

If he *did* feel a little blue and shivery, and down at the mouth about it, while prospecting, he was determined that never a bit should anybody know it! So putting the very best face upon it, he assured us till his throat was sore, that he had not the least doubt but that everything would be propitious when he came to build.

Such faith and cheer taught me a lesson, and I fell to musing, something after this fashion: What's the use of climbing the hill until we get to it? In a book of ancient lore I have read, "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof;" and is it not true? As though my back wasn't near enough broken, and my head crazed with the troubles of the past month, without pondering those of the next three.

To be sure, Harry has been sick all winter, and baby has the whooping-cough, and Fred has sprained his ankle; Louise has injured her eyes with study, and must lose a term of school; Bridget has given warning that she must leave; coal and flour have gone up to the highest notch; and provoking Mrs. Grundy declares that I am a miserable housekeeper! What I'm to do for a new girl, I don't see; but there! I am climbing the hill again; if I do not look out, shall run the whole length of it, which wouldn't pay at all, except in worry.

I wonder if that robin knew that we wanted to build this spring, and had ever heard anything about the cost of lumber and masons. I wonder if

little Mrs. Robin is ever sick, or any member of her family, and employs a doctor who does not do much, only look very grave, write a prescription, and say, "Time can only decide such cases, you must cultivate patience; a change of air and scene would prove beneficial. Yes, I should advise a winter residence in Florida." As though he did not know that sick people cannot travel without money!

Ah, well! "a merry heart doeth good like a medicine." Suppose I go and try at least a merry face on Harry. After all, would it not be well to use a little more philosophy in life? Because the chimney smokes and it is washing day, and the bin is empty, and baby is cross, and husband is ill, and Bridget will sulk, does not leave the less need for a sunny face and a plucky heart!

Let me turn again to my open book:

"Take courage, prisoner of hope! for there be many comforts.

Be cheerful, men of care! for great is the multitude of chances.

Burst thy fetters of anxiety, and walk among the citizens of Hope.

At the crisis of adversity, hope for some amends, And cheerfully bear thy cross in patient strength!"

Perhaps there is no less philosophy in these homely lines:

"My purse is light, but what of that!

My heart is light to match it;

And if I tear my only dress,

I'll laugh the while I patch it!"

Truly, cheerfulness gives elasticity to the spirit before which troubles rebound, like ills that never happen. Dark phantoms, and weird-like spectres, melt away before the warmth of its sun; misery, for very shame that it cannot daunt the spirit, skulks away from the hearth-stone, and hope takes possession of the heart!

But, reader, while I have been musing after this fashion, the fire has actually decided to burn, and the room is clear from smoke! A song from the kitchen tells me that its divinity has found her good-humor; baby sleeps softly without coughing, and husband asks, "Mary, what makes your face so bright?" "Because you are better, Harry, and I am studying the alchemist's art of extracting pure gold from the dross of life;" to which he replies, "Ah! wife,

'Ask for good, and hope it, for the ocean of good is fathomless;

Ask for good and have it, for our Infinite Friend would see thee happy."

MRS. HELEN H. S. THOMPSON.

It is wonderful how silent a man can be when he knows his cause is just, and how boisterous he becomes when he knows he is in the wrong.

SOME PRACTICAL HINTS ON PAINTED WOOD DECORATIONS.

ON first thoughts, it may appear to some readers that painted decorations are obtainable only by those who can employ first-rate workmen; but a little consideration of the subject may induce them, if they have acquired some knowledge of drawing, to attempt to beautify their rooms by their own handiwork; and when one part has been satisfactorily accomplished, it will doubtless lead to other portions both of wood-work and furniture being similarly embellished. It would make a long list if we were to enumerate all the articles in a house that could be thus raised from the dull common-place into valuable articles possessing real artistic beauty. To produce harmony of tone and good decorative effect is of the highest importance; both designs and paintings, however good, will be worse than useless if they do not embody these two great qualities. To paint one article without reference to its surroundings, is in its worst possible form; it is in the harmonious effect produced when regarded as a whole that true artistic taste is shown. A heavy, sombre, dull room that children regard with awe, can be made a charming dwelling-place, if some time, labor and loving thought be expended on it; and as to the influence a gloomy room exerts on the characters of the inhabitants, what a tale of their experiences might be written! Who of us, on the contrary, does not know what an enlivening effect a room prettily decorated and charmingly furnished has on the spirits? When we exclaim, "How pretty!" either to ourselves or to its mistress, on entering such a room, surely the brightest and best side of our nature is aroused, we are the more ready for genial conversation, and our hosts gratified by our manifest admiration, does her utmost to entertain. For it is an undeniable fact that if our surroundings are agreeable, both work and recreation are the more enjoyable. The few suggestions we propose to offer may enable some of our readers thus to transform an uninviting sitting-room into a bower of comfort and beauty. The wood-work and walls demand our first attention. The hues of both must agree—no crude coloring or harsh contrasts may be tolerated. A safe plan to follow in choosing the paint, is to take two of the most prominent tints in the paper, and match them for the paint, but other combinations are equally or even more acceptable if arranged by one who possesses a knowledge of color. It is not possible to go far wrong if cool olives, sage or blue greens are admired: so many beautiful materials have these shades for their groundwork that it is an easy matter to combine their hues with walls and wood-work. Peacock and indigo blues are more difficult to manage, but repay the extra trouble when well assimilated.

The choice of color will depend greatly on the aspect of the room; a bright, sunny room will bear cooler, duller coloring than one with a north aspect, which will admit of brighter hues being displayed. If the walls are to be painted, soft tones should be preferred to form a fitting background for pictures and ornaments. Walls done in distemper allow of charming groups of flowers, or figures in medallions, being painted on them in body color, which is a great desideratum in houses where pictures are few; large spaces of bare walls can thus be made to add their quantum to the general effect. With a few such groups, some corner brackets, and some old china plates hung in suitable positions, the absence of pictures will not be so severely felt.

There has of late years been a great rage for the sun-flower, but it can only be said to be a passing fancy. Though in itself a good subject for decoration, it must be used alone; no other flower will accord with it. Again, its color is awkward to harmonize with others. Yellow at all times requires care in its application, but when employed in large masses, such as the sun-flower renders necessary, it is only in experienced hands that it can be successfully dealt with. Flowers of one class should be chosen to be grouped together, that is, hot-house flowers may not be combined with wild flowers or water-plants; the magnificent and rich glowing coloring of the former will destroy the beauty of the more delicate forms and hues of the latter.

The designs having been decided on, the materials with which it is to be carried out next occupy our consideration. Oil colors should be used for the purpose, the work by their means being quickly and effectively accomplished. The door panels already in can be utilized as the ground for painting on, but in that case they must be rubbed down as smoothly as possible before the design is commenced. A carpenter will be able to give them a smooth, level surface.

The brushes and colors employed should be of the best; a great deal of extra trouble is incurred by the use of inferior articles, and the painting will never be satisfactory.

We will now give a short list of the colors which will be found most useful, and the worker can add others as he finds he requires them.

The colors are as follows: Reds—vermillion, light red, pink madder, Indian red, and the lakes. Yellows—chrome yellow, yellow ochre, raw sienna. Blues—cobalt, ultramarine or French ultra, Prussian blue and indigo. Browns—Vandyke brown and brown madder. Greens of all shades can be obtained by the mixture of blue and yellow; cobalt, ultramarine and Prussian blue will combine with chrome yellow, yellow ochre, or Naples yellow. If a transparent green is required, it is found by the admixture of the above-

mentioned blues and raw sienna. Various tints of orange are composed of yellow and red; light red or vermillion with chrome yellow or Naples yellow; raw sienna or yellow lake with carmine or pink madder will produce a transparent orange. A tube of flake white is quite indispensable. Shadow color is formed of lake, Indian red, ivory black and white. Mediums can be procured ready for use of the colorman, and this plan saves much embarrassment to the beginner. Hog's-hair brushes are required of various sizes—a good many will be needed, as it is best to keep some expressly for the lighter tints, not using them for the darker colors. A badger's-hair brush, or softener, will be useful, but it must be employed judiciously, that its use may not detract from the desirable crispness and sharpness of outline. One or more wooden palettes should be procured, and they ought to be of good size, otherwise constant cleaning will be necessary. A mahl-stick should also be obtained to prevent the chance of the hand resting on the panel.

The design having been outlined in charcoal, the shadows must be the first point of consideration; shadow color of various strength should be used. It is well to study carefully the position and form of the shadows, that they may not afterwards need alteration. By any change of plan a risk is run of damaging their clear transparency, which is one of the greatest powers in the hands of the painter. All heaviness of shadow must be studiously avoided. Tints should be lighter than they are to appear when completed; they can be strengthened in the finishing process. The first painting should be as carefully performed as the last touches, for a slovenly commencement will never produce a creditable finish. Be careful always that not the slightest touch of color shall be placed on the panel until there is at first a clear, distinct idea in the mind of the purpose the stroke of the brush is to serve. Having found the exact tints for the local color of the flower, lay it in and join it to the lights and shadows by means of a middle tint of pearl gray. On the well-advised use of the middle tint, much of the beauty of the painting depends. It gives roundness and solidity, softens down rough edges, and assists in adding the exquisite transparent texture that some flowers possess. But its application must not be exaggerated, or the brilliancy of the flowers will be endangered. It should not be carried too far into the lights so as to interfere with their coloring, or too far into the shadows lest it mar their transparency.

With ferns for subjects, beautiful sketches can be composed for decorating the drawing-room or the boudoir. The choice is so large, the forms and sizes of the fronds so various, that little difficulty will be encountered in drawing a suitable design for any article. The colors of the ferns never clash one with another, heavy and feathery kinds

can both be introduced into the same piece without detriment, and the golden and the silver ferns will afford much additional beauty as well as variety. The heavier fronds should always be placed in the lower part of the panel, the lighter specimens will fill in the upper; thus, the walking-leaf fern, that reminds us of our common hart's tongue, but greatly elongated, gives force and character, and serves to throw up the more delicate fronds that cross and intermingle with it. The fronds should be of a dark green in color, the younger leaves will be of a paler shade; the stems are green and succulent. The fronds of this fern grow to a great length, and then droop downwards toward the earth, and at the extreme end of the long narrow point will often be found a young fern growing in a perfect condition. The large, serrated five-rayed fronds may be greatly varied, and will provide the artist with the opportunity of giving some beautiful effects. The under part of these fronds is powdered over with a wax-like substance, that varies in color from a whitish tint to a pale yellow, and again, from a rich golden color deepening to orange. If full advantage be taken of these shades a lovely combination of hues will be produced. The upper side is of a darker tint of green; smooth, but not shining. The stalks should be represented of a dark brown color. The third specimen that finishes the panel will have bluish-green fronds and chestnut-brown stems. Should the remaining space left uncovered be too great, it can be readily filled in with a few fronds of maiden-hair fern, which is too well known to need description. Its elegant feathery appearance will lighten any design that would otherwise prove too heavy; but, as a rule, panels should not be entirely covered: over-crowding will defeat the artist's object, namely, that of decoration.

For decorations of all kinds it is best to use large brushes, for they encourage the artist in the habit of working in a broad, free style, which is most desirable. Nevertheless, broad strokes are not necessarily the consequence of the employment of large tools, but are dependent also on the manner of using them. A clever artist can produce minute work with a broad brush, but it is the result of long practice that enables him to do so. Dürer was celebrated during his life-time for his method of painting hair so as to appear peculiarly fine and soft. Alluding to his success in this respect, Giovanni Bellini once expressed a wish to possess such a pencil as Dürer was in the habit of using. Dürer at once handed him several of various sizes to choose from, at the same time telling him that he could work equally finely with any one of them.

It was a saying of Pythagoras, those are our friends who reprimand us, not those who flatter us.

THE ART OF CONVERSING AGREEABLY.

IT is somewhat difficult to restrict conversation within the limits of any particular rules. To many they would be quite superfluous, for the art above named is a natural gift to them, and they adapt the subjects they moot to the individuals whom they address with intuitive tact and a happy facility in the use of language, but which has to be acquired, as any other art, by the majority of persons.

As these few observations are designed for the benefit of the latter very suffering class, I must direct attention to the close connection existing between conversing and letter-writing. There must needs be the same reflection exercised as to the individuals to whom, whether by word or pen, your communications are made. The age and circumstances in life, profession or other calling, sex, religion and political opinions, health and spirits, and losses by death or fortune, all demand to be taken into account. Tact, as I have before observed in reference to good breeding, must be cultivated, regulating the choice of topics in your conversation according to the society in which you are placed. In fact, the whole question of making your presence a comfort and pleasure to those with whom you associate, whether at home or in general society, resolves itself into the selection or avoidance of certain subjects in your converse with them. To those who take a religious view of the matter, the words of St. James must be very apposite and familiar, when the power of the tongue is compared to that of fire, which consumes almost all things exposed to its influence.

Let it ever be a standing rule to avoid raising subjects of probable, or even possible, disagreement, and reflect before you speak, when there are any points of dispute amongst your hearers, to which some leading remark of yours might prove like a spark to gunpowder. Thoughtlessness might cause you to be regarded on both sides as a dangerous person, from your apparent lack of common sense, if not actually from being an intentional fire-brand.

Divergent views on religious and political questions are, unhappily, a very fruitful source of much estrangement between those who are bound together by very near ties of kindred and other mutual interests. In such cases remember that "silence is gold," as compared with the most interesting conversations that might be at all likely to start an ill-advised and irritating argument.

Keep your presence of mind, and especially when in the company of any who are wearing mourning; avoid also allusions to accidents when, on collecting your thoughts a little, you might know that a friend of theirs was at sea, or engaged on active service abroad.

Take fully into consideration, as I said, the

state of health of the individuals with whom you may converse, and beware of relating circumstances in the experience of others similarly afflicted that would tend to depress and alarm them; nor relate any news, such as of deaths resulting from the same disposition.

As a young person, you should be very modest in the matter of leading a conversation, of raising your voice above that of any one else, or of monopolizing the attention of the chief speaker, and attracting the conversation more especially to yourself.

Refrain also from any tendency to dogmatizing when expressing an opinion, remembering your comparatively small experience and limited information, and that you are not a Newton, likely to astonish the world by a high order of intellectual power and intuitive perceptions above those of the present company.

Try to forget yourself and those who may be looking at you, and what may be thought of your style of address and language; and, above all things, never interrupt any one else. Wait scrupulously until they have finished speaking before you utter a remark. Good breeding alone demands of you that you should treat the observations of others, however trifling in character and feebly expressed, as though they were of superior importance to any remark of your own. As a rule, good listeners, who make but few observations, are far more agreeable in society than persons who possess what, in somewhat inelegant parlance, is described as the "gift of the gab," delighting in hearing their own voices and "talking down" every one else. No matter how entertaining some of their conversation may be, they are felt by their hearers, whose mouths they have closed, as intrusive, vain and ill-bred.

One more point deserves some passing notice. Unconsciously to yourself, the personal peculiarities and infirmities of those in your society impress themselves on your imagination, and it needs the greatest self-possession to check yourself in time, before committing a sad act of indiscretion in reference to them. Thus, beware of speaking of a squint, deformity, lameness, baldness, stammering, corpulence, or the reverse; of false teeth, wigs, dyed hair; girls "like lamp-posts," or May-poles; dwarfs, or "crumpies;" and very especially about people being "on the shady side" of middle age, or "old maids." You may say much safely, without wounding the feelings of any one at home, in the sacred privacy of the family circle, or in a *little-à-little* with an intimate friend; but you must set a careful watch on your words, when you associate with others, and scrupulously guard against hurting their feelings. A thousand kind speeches would never take the sting from a wound inflicted by one thoughtless word of a personal character. Such observations are never forgotten.

Do not mistake me. I have not unconditionally excluded all these topics of conversation—such as religion, politics, war, perils, accidents, or personal remarks, even when in general society; but I do say, "keep your wits about you," and do not introduce them in a heedless way, irrespective of the circumstances, appearance and opinions of those around. "There is a time to keep silence and a time to speak," is a saying of Divine wisdom.

We will suppose that some friends are come to spend an evening with you, and your mother, not being very strong, depends much on your exertions to entertain her guests. You neither sing nor play, and, your friends not being very young, you have not any resource, such as that of introducing juvenile games and "small fun." Worst of all, you have never studied the art of conversing agreeably; and thus, when you have exhausted the subject of family news and polite inquiries for others, you are reduced to great straits, and make the most of inviting your friends to partake of this or that at table; and subsequently of showing them photographs, or making yourself a nuisance in urging them to sing or play in your stead. Better never to invite your friends at all than to inflict such a trying entertainment upon them.

To spare them and yourself, collect together some little scraps of news which might prove of interest; new improvements, discoveries, inventions. So far as possible, keep the conversation from mere "tittle tattle" about your neighbors. One of your guests may be an artist, another very musical, a third a great reader. A naval or military man may be present, the rector of the parish, or the minister of the chapel which you attend. If a poor specimen of a "conversationalist" yourself, the next best thing is to act as a kind of prompter, and start a succession of subjects which will give your guests the opportunity for conversing among themselves. For instance, you ask the artist which pictures in the — exhibition struck him as the most remarkable; and this may open a considerable field for interchange of opinion. When a little pause gives space for another remark on your part, you might observe that you "understood So-and-so's picture, entitled —, has sold for —, and you considered the price was —," which will elicit other opinions; and you may thus take advantage of your friends' brains, and, it may be, superior education, on a great variety of subjects. Under any circumstances, do not hurry them from one subject to another, which is fatiguing, as well as unsatisfactory. Allow time for a brief pause, when the last subject has been exhausted; and then address the musician, offering an opinion on the last new piece of music you had heard, or on a concert, or the singing in church—no matter what, provided it be *à propos* of the art, or other pursuit in which

he or she may take an especial interest. In so doing you have again started a theme which will find more or less response, and die out after a time. To the clergyman you might name an interview with a fellow-parishioner—either an invalid or a poor person—or make a remark connected with the school, or a charitable guild, etc. He is trained to speak freely, and he will aid you by giving you questions to answer, thus supplying information to those who care for it, and “keeping the ball going” without much aid from you, when once, as the acting hostess, you have judiciously supplied a theme. Should there be an old naval or military man present, you might make a remark to him relative to the current news of the day in connection with either service; and supplement your first observation by a second inquiry as to whether he were ever serving in the countries named, what he thought of the locality, climate, people, living, etc. If an elderly or old person, he will enjoy relating his early experiences; and to prove a good listener will be nearly all required of you, after having turned the course of general conversation into an agreeable channel. As a rule, all old people—women as well as men—enjoy being asked to relate the incidents and describe the impressions of their long-past lives.

Doubtless, some one in the party has been away, or ill; or is expecting a relative home, or is anxious about the health or to receive news of a friend. In such a case, and especially if any sympathy be needed, go over and place a chair by her side, and turn completely toward her, and say you have come to have a little special chat with her. Then ask all about herself, and listen attentively to what she will tell you, abstracting your thoughts from all other conversation for a time. Of course, questions of a prying, inquisitive character, respecting matters not usually made public, are not the style of questions to which I now refer; those on your neighbor's pecuniary circumstances, and any scandal connected with their friends, being especially unseemly and intrusive. Writing for young people, I may perhaps be excused for giving advice on what appears so very obvious, including my earnest charges to make use of no description of “slang,” whether of the fledgling, hostler, or æsthetic type.

But perhaps some reader may complain that I have done no more than recommend the asking of leading questions, and suggested certain subjects for promoting the conversation of others more qualified to speak than yourself. True, but I can only do my best with the materials supplied to me; I cannot create better ones. You apply for my aid simply because you lack the natural gift of both originality of thought and fluency of speech. I cannot give you new and striking ideas, nor the eloquence that will clothe them in beautiful and poetical language; nor can I supply you with that

wit and dry humor wherewith “poor Yorick” was wont—said Hamlet—to

“Set the table in a roar.”

But by means of a little reflection, and judiciously adapting your questions and observations to suit each guest at your feast, and never allowing your eyes or thoughts to wander when the replies are given, or at times when you are yourself addressed, you will have made up, to a very considerable degree, for your natural deficiency in conversational powers.

But the art under our consideration may certainly be cultivated, and by degrees the shy and the least bright amongst “our girls” may acquire a certain amount of facility in expressing themselves. Some years ago, a very sensible article appeared in one of the leading daily papers on the subject of training boys and girls, at an early age, to relate stories and incidents which have come under their notice. It struck me at the time as a piece of most valuable advice, tending greatly to further the future interests of those who have thus early learned to arrange their thoughts, and express them in suitable words.

Classes should be formed in every school for the purpose, and parents should include this training as an item in the catalogue of their children's home-studies. It needs not to be a dull lesson; far from it. If no little incident should have occurred which the children could be made to relate, give them a short story to read; and, when well acquainted with the main facts, place the young scholars in a row before you, and bid them each, in their turn, to give you the story in their own words. The lesson might even be converted into an amusing game by their paying a forfeit for every superfluous word with which stories are often interlarded by way of gaining time for thought. All children enjoy the game of “forfeits,” and it might easily be adapted to the purpose under consideration.

As in the case of stammering, so also, and equally, in one of ordinary inability to make a relation agreeably, two or three rules must have due attention. Speak slowly; a hurried articulation makes your hearers sympathetically nervous. Do not hiss your words between your teeth, nor look away from the persons whom you address, but turn quietly from one to another. Never begin to relate a history without first collecting your thoughts, and centering them on the main point of the story, from which they must never be allowed to wander—as in a portrait, there must be a centre of interest, to which all other objects must be subservient. The red military coat, or the various accessories surrounding the chief subject of the picture, must be toned down, and such a prominence should be given to the face, and such a light thrown upon it, as to attract the eye from

all else at the first glance, and cause it to form the principal feature in the whole design, however beautifully the rest be executed. Exactly so separate items must be noted in every story; but the main fact to be recorded in each should always be given an especial prominence. Think of this chief point of interest, not of the mere words in which you narrate the history.

My second rule is that you should make your sentences short. Persons who lack eloquence must not venture to employ many words. My third rule is to avoid any "stop-gap" words and phrases, which are only used to give more time for recalling the events when your thoughts have wandered from your subject.

Persons who lack a ready flow of good language should try to abridge their sentences as much as possible, be careful to make no mistakes in grammar, and avoid having to retrace their steps in the narrative on account of circumstances which should have been previously named, as they usually forget then where they were in the sequence of the events described, and lose the thread of the story.

FIVE GOLDEN RULES OF NURSING.

THERE are five golden rules which should be well learnt by any one who ventures to undertake the care of the sick; a single word will suffice for each respectively, to explain the nature of the lessons to be acquired:—punctuality, cheerfulness, cleanliness, gentleness, patience.

In reference to food and medicine, it will be obvious that, were there any procrastination in respect to the one, the right time for the other would be thrown out, and to keep an invalid waiting beyond the accustomed time for his refreshment might be to render him disinclined to take it when it comes at last. In the matter of retiring to rest for the night, punctuality cannot be too strictly enjoined, as fever gets up at about ten o'clock, and a certain amount of excitement or depression comes on, which makes the patient conjure up unpleasant fancies and anticipations equally likely to chase away sleep; or a little over-fatigue when the usual time for sleep is delayed will occasion fidgets in the limbs, and a feeling of dissatisfaction at small delays will irritate the temper and quicken the pulse. Thus I would urge the nurse to begin all arrangements for the night at an early hour. Let what is needful for fire and light, for food and drink, be all collected and laid in their respective places. Let the slops be removed, the medicine and glasses be set in order, the fruit, lemonade, toast-and-water and barley-water, together with the ice, be placed in the next room, and the night medicine be arranged apart, with the glasses required, in the sick-room. The dressings, if any, should be ready spread and folded

together, to keep them free of dust, and anything wanted by the bedside placed on a little table within the patient's reach, a clean pocket-handkerchief being always included. If desired, let him have a clean one always night and morning. The sponging of the face and hands, and combing of the hair, and all else requisite to refresh, without too much arousing him, previous to his settling to sleep, should be methodically, yet very quietly accomplished, and all must be entirely finished—the patient turned for sleep, the night-light lit, and the nurse herself lying on the sofa, as the clock strikes nine. No more going up and down the stairs outside, no coming to the door, no movement in the room—all should be perfectly still. I do not merely give the theories of others in this respect, I write from long and practical experience, and the rule which I now prescribe I unremittently carried out myself some years ago. In a case of dangerous pulmonary illness it formed a most important item in the treatment adopted, and most effectually served to husband the strength of the sufferer, taxed to the utmost limit by perpetual coughing. Of the benefit of this regularity the individual has lived many years to assure me.

If asleep at an hour when food or medicine should be administered, never wake him for that purpose. Sleep is too essential to life and recovery to be sacrificed on any pretext whatsoever.

Cheerfulness is next to sunshine in its beneficial effect on the sick. Never look anxious in their presence, nor whisper with any one in the room. They become suspicious and uneasy, and full of unpleasant fancies; and, moreover, they feel as if treated like children.

If often required to be silent, she must not look like a mute at a funeral, and though her voice should be low, she must speak in a cheery, encouraging way. A ribbon in the cap or round the neck, and an occasional change in their color pleases the weary eyes in a colorless room. It is not by making light of the patient's sufferings, nor laughing at his desponding remarks, that you will benefit him, nor exhibit the cheerfulness which I recommend. Be thoroughly sympathetic; appear to accept his statements as perfectly correct, but speak hopefully as to the future. He thinks that he knows the present better than you do, and will make the appeal, in confirmation of the fact that "feeling has no fellow," but he cannot claim to know more, nor even so much, as his experienced nurse about the probable future, so that you may safely encourage him to look on the bright side of the days to come.

However imprudent he may have been, do not reproach him with having been the cause of his sickness, nor take credit to yourself for great foresight, as to the coming on of the disease. Nothing could provoke the already well-punished sufferer

more than by saying, "I always told you so." It is simply adding "insult to injury," in a certain sense, or "pouring water on a drowned rat," only that the sick man is alive to feel the affront. A word, look, or act of an aggravating character will quicken the pulse and upset the digestion, as well as try the overtaxed nerves. On the contrary, not only abstain from active aggravation, but do all to bring the mind into a calm and pleasurable condition.

Cleanliness, you may perhaps be ready to say, needs not to be enjoined. But ordinary cleanliness is not in question. The hands of a nurse require perpetual ablution, and each article employed in the sick-room needs washing after every use, and more especially the glass for medicine.

Gentleness must be evinced in the low tone of the voice, the quiet moving about, the handling of all articles of use, the stirring of the fire, in the lifting, washing, and all personal attendance upon the patient, especially in the dressing of broken limbs and sores. The touch of a nurse should be decided, yet exceedingly gently. There should be no hesitation about it, but it should not be feared by the sufferer. His confidence has to be gained; he must not think the treatment a matter of doubtful consideration on her part; her thoughts, words and works must be thoroughly in harmony one with the other.

Lastly, Patience must indeed "have her perfect work," and it will be sorely tried. Fretful and querulous, the invalid often does not show much sign of gratitude, and sometimes he takes a most unreasoning prejudice against his nurse. She will need patience with her assistants also, and patience in waiting for the results of her anxious labors.

Be careful never to make the patient repeat any remark; let your ears be ever listening, and your eyes everywhere, but do not stare silently at him. A patient would sometimes prefer dispensing with the thing he required, or with a reply to his question, than to have the trouble of repeating his remark. Besides, there is a sense of having been treated with impoliteness and inconsideration, that ruffles the spirit of one smarting under a feeling of helplessness and dependence. His temper is tried to the utmost already, never, therefore, notice, much less resent, any fretfulness or hasty remark; and when he opposes your wishes, do not at once enforce them, but leave him to reconsider the matter, and he will probably relent, and submit, when he finds that you do not treat him as a child, and that it is not a case of brute force against his weakness. There are times when "the grasshopper is a burden," and the merest trifles are counted together till they make mountains in weight and importance in the eyes of a weary invalid. If his opposition to the doctor's orders be resolute, discover the reason for his objections,

and then make some concession by carrying them out in a less objectionable way. Tell him that you will try to "split the difference," and he will think that fair. For example, he is to be covered up warmly, but the poor fellow is hot and restless, and every time you aggravate him by replacing the bedclothes over his shoulders they are thrown off again. Substitute a thick loose woolen shawl, or pull a loose knitted jacket with sleeves, so that his chest may be relieved of weight, and his arms can be thrown about with impunity. Possibly, he has sunk too low in the bed, and his breathing is thereby impeded; raise him on an extra pillow, and he may not continue to be so restless.

If your patient be delirious, do not contradict him. Agree with him in the first instance, pretend to drive away what alarms him, and then tell him that it is gone. At the same time look round the room to discover any imaginary "bogey," and remove it. That you do not see the obnoxious visitor is no proof to him that it is not there. That he sees it himself, and is worried by it, is quite enough for him.

REAPING AS WE SOW.

WE are told that our sins find us out; and equally true it is, though perhaps not so evident, that acts of virtue and kindness do at times meet with their reward. There are few who cannot call to mind among our acquaintances, examples illustrative of both these truisms. The former abound in the world, and every day come within our experience. But the brighter side of the subject, of which an illustration or two are about to be given, is that which is most pleasant to dwell on.

A kinder-hearted and more genial person than Mrs. Waddell it would have been hard to find. She possessed in an extraordinary degree the faculty of making every one happy with whom she came in contact. A thousand little kind and gracious ways, peculiar to herself, she had—small attentions, pleasant words, encouraging smiles, friendly sympathy. And these seemed to radiate from her like sunshine, diffusing a sense of comfort and well-being on all within her reach. A favorite theory of hers was, that if people would repeat to the parties commended the praises they hear of them—as they are prone too often to whisper the blame—how much the world would be the happier for it. "Why not goodwill-makers as well as mischief-makers?" she would say, "and why, when we hear a person or thing admired, do we hush it up from the very one to whom it would give most pleasure?" illustrating her meaning by the case of a young bride she chanced to meet once at a dinner-party.

The newly married lady was very young and

painfully timid; and all in the company were strangers. As long as her husband was in the same room with her, even though she could not see him—far down the table—there was a feeling of protection and safety. But when the ladies rose to leave the dining-room, and the long line of matrons and dowagers filed out in formidable array, her heart sank, and she turned a yearning look of despair upon her only friend, as she was leaving him behind. The hostess, pitying the shy, trembling child-bride, carried her off to show her the flowers in an adjoining conservatory; and she had no sooner left the drawing-room, than remarks upon her appearance broke out among the guests. "How pretty she is!"—"But so terribly shy."—"So exquisitely dressed! Her gown fits as if—as the saying is—she had been melted and poured into it."—"And *did* any one remark that lace? Old rose point, I should say, or perhaps point d'Alençon. I must get near, and have a good look. Enough to make one break the Tenth Commandment."—"Such a quantity too; she must have had grandmothers. I do adore old lace, and"—"Hush, hush! Here they come back;" and instantly the conversation was turned.

If the speakers had suddenly stepped on burning coal, they could not have started away from it more quickly than they did from the subject under discussion. One guest became all at once interested in her neighbor's bouquet; another developed a violent anxiety about some one's cold. Anything for a change.

But now Mrs. Waddell, true to her goodwill-making doctrine, came to the front. "Do you know," she said, with her kind, winning smile to the young bride, who was timidly subsiding into a corner—"do you know we have all been talking of you while you were away? admiring your pretty dress and that superb old lace. You must let us examine it; and tell us all about it, will you not?"

The girl crimsoned with pleasure. "I am so glad you like it. The lace was my mother's wedding-gift to me. It has been in her family for many generations, and she valued it most highly."

And then followed more discourse, beginning with old lace for text; inasmuch that when the young husband appeared in the drawing-room, instead of finding his little wife abashed, as he expected, she was chatting away on the friendliest terms with those about her.

The charity that never faileth seemed to spring by nature—a spontaneous growth—in the kindly soil of Mrs. Waddell's heart. A niece who resided with her, a fashionable young lady, given to exclusiveness and the proprieties, was oftentimes horrified at the shape it took. When, for instance, the lady would plunge into the roadway to pilot a blind beggar over a dangerous crossing; or

would stop to pick up and console a miserable child fallen flat on its face in the mud while running a race and left behind by its ragged companions, deaf to its outcries.

"Do, aunt, let the dirty little wretch alone! Here are all the Berkeleys driving up."

But no. The incorrigible aunt would continue to fumble in her pocket for the penny which was to bring joy to the poor little heaving breast and to evoke a smile, by blissful visions of sugar-stick, on the grimy face, down which tears and dirt were coursing.

Born "in the purple," and belonging to the upper ten thousand, Mrs. Waddell's power of conferring benefits was confined to the exercise of the influence which station and personal popularity give. Her pecuniary means were but small, barely sufficing for the needs of her modest establishment; and it often cost her much contrivance and a hard strain to make ends meet. She was too sure of her position, as well as too essentially thoroughbred, to have recourse to the shams which make genteel poverty so terrible to those engaged in the weary struggle of keeping up appearances. But it was very unpleasant to be so poor. To be unable to do the same as others in her set—to forego any pleasures that cost money.

One summer, when her exchequer was lower than usual, Mrs. Waddell had decided to remain in town. Hotels and lodgings at the sea-side were expensive; and visits to country-houses entailing railway fares and extra dresses, were more than she could manage with prudence. So, having sent off her niece with a friend, she remained behind to economize. The weather was exceptionally sultry for the time of year. The grass in the parks and squares was brown and burned up; fierce sunshine beat upon the hot pavements, and poured relentlessly down upon the heads of those whose business took them abroad in the day. In many shops, the employes behind the counter served in their shirt-sleeves. The lightest garments were adopted by all; every one languished in the sweltering heat. Attending church would have been a trial, had congregations been their usual size; but these were thinned by so many people being out of town.

It happened, however, that on a certain Sunday, the advent of a popular preacher had been announced in the chapel where Mrs. Waddell had sittings; and in consequence, crowds flocked to hear him. The heat was intense, the crush and stuffiness was almost unbearable. Every seat in the building occupied, every aisle crammed. Mrs. Waddell, never very strong, was easily overcome by heat; so that the having her niece's place in addition to her own was a welcome relief, by giving her more breathing-room. Their sittings were the first two of the row; and during the service she became aware of an individual stand-

ing in the aisle immediately outside her. He was a fat old man, dreadfully hot, and was perspiring profusely. Benevolent though she was, our good Samaritan could not make up her mind, as she ruefully scanned his dimensions, to offer her niece's place to this person. But she felt odiously selfish. It was a reproach to her, as the prayers went on, to see him leaning up against the side of the row, in, she fancied, a feeble, helpless way. The huge crimson bandana with which he mopped his puffy face became in her eyes a signal of distress; and she imagined gout and suffering in his uneasy shiftings from one foot to another. At last, she could hold out no longer. Edging herself away as far as possible, she motioned to the man to come in; and with a grateful look he obeyed, sinking down—an obese, perspiring mass of hot humanity—half suffocating the unhappy lady as he did so. Her discomfort was so intense, and the frowns of her neighbor on the other side so spiteful, at the accession of this extra heat and bulk, that a less kind-hearted person would have repented of her good deed.

But everything, disagreeable or otherwise, comes to an end and passes away at last. So did this sweltering Sunday service; so did the summer and its heat; and so did the memory of the elderly fat man and his crushing of her, from Mrs. Waddell's mind. Summers and winters had arrived and departed; and now Christmas had come again. Christmas with its often painful associations; telling, as anniversaries will, of change and vacant places, and loved ones missed and absent. Christmas, with its greedy expectants, grumbling over gifts, that at any other time, and not taken as "matters of course," would have filled the receivers with grateful pleasure; all craving, few satisfied. Christmas, that viewed, of course, in its secular aspect alone, brings—as some one has said—joy only to children and the young. Above all, Christmas with its bills! A distracting pile of these was on the breakfast-table before poor Mrs. Waddell, when her niece came into the room.

"Enough to spoil my appetite," she said, turning them disconsolately over. "Here is a letter that does not look like the rest. Not a bill, evidently. I don't know the handwriting;" and she broke the seal. "Ah, a mistake; the letter's not for me. Some lucky person has been left a fortune," she added with a sigh; "and this is from the lawyer to announce it. I must send it back by return post."

But it was not a mistake, though Mrs. Waddell maintained it must be, as she did not know the testator, and had never even heard of his name. It turned out that her little service to the old gentleman—a wealthy manufacturer, who had made his own fortune, and having neither kith nor kin, had meant to leave it to a hospital—had

been thus rewarded. He had learned her name and address from the card affixed to the sittings; and subsequently identified her with it by inquiries made before leaving town.

Less direct, perhaps, than the foregoing is the instance to be recorded next. It occurred in the family of a widow lady with two daughters, living in the north of England. The elder of these was a beautiful girl; her sister painfully the reverse, and whose natural shy awkwardness was increased by the harshness of a vain and worldly mother, who, while lavishing praises and love upon the beauty, looked down upon her ill-favored offspring, and showed that she was ashamed of her. The poor girl, sensitively alive to the deficiencies of which she was so often reminded, shrank from society, and remained neglected at home, while her handsome sister was taken about to wherever she could see and be seen.

To secure for the latter a brilliant establishment such as her charms deserved, was the object of the mother's ambition; and she had not far to look; for in the immediate neighborhood was a *parti eligible* enough to satisfy the aspirations of any parent. Very carefully did she cultivate this splendid opportunity, making her house as agreeable as possible to the young man, and throwing him and her beautiful daughter constantly together.

Sir Hugh—as, to avoid particulars, we shall call him—on his side responded readily to her overtures. The noble mansion to which, by the death of an uncle, he had just succeeded, was depressing in its loneliness; and being of a sociable and domestic turn, he enjoyed the widow lady's pleasant home circle, and soon became a constant intimate. Her hopes rose high. Already she saw her lovely child fulfill a brilliant destiny—winner of wealth, worth and high position; herself, thrice lucky mother-in-law! the envied of competing dowagers.

The time wore on; but still he made no sign. Almost filial in his attentions to the elder woman, and friendly in the extreme to all, no word of love had passed the young man's lips. It was unaccountable! and yet he seemed unable to keep away from the house, or to resist the attractions of its cheerful home-like charm.

Meanwhile, neighbors began to talk. The names of the pair were coupled together in the county, and there were some who smilingly inquired, when they might be permitted to congratulate. The widow was sorely puzzled. She dared not ask her guest his "intentions," fearing to put him off altogether; but it was impossible that things could go on as they were. A winter in Rome had some time before been vaguely in contemplation; and now it occurred to our dowager that it might be advisable to carry out the plan.

"The prospect of our leaving home will bring him to the point, if anything can," she thought; "in any case, our doing so will put a stop to gossip."

So she carried off her peerless treasure—no effort having been made to appropriate it—and went to the station, attended by Sir Hugh, who was as anxious and as useful, as full of care for her and her daughters, as thoughtful to save them trouble and see to their comforts, as if he had been the *fiancé* that he was not, and that, moreover, he showed no ambition to be. The end of disappointment was bitterly chewed during the journey to the Eternal City. It was then only friendship after all! How strange—how mortifying!

Great, therefore, in proportion was the mother's triumph when, after their return home, she found on her table Sir Hugh's card; and greater still when from him came a note asking for a private interview, as he wished to speak to her alone. So, then, the move had been successful—the game was won! Joy beamed in her face as she returned after the important interview, to the *salon* where she had left her girls, the youngest sitting as usual at work in her remote corner, the beauty on the sofa.

"Sir Hugh has declared himself at last—has asked me for my daughter. I knew he would," she said; "but I was not prepared for the splendid settlements he offers. His generosity exceeds anything I could have imagined. And now, darling, he wants to see you. Go to him, my child."

"No, no, dear; wait. There's a mistake—a—" and the detaining hand of the younger sister was laid timidly on her elder sister's dress.

"What do you mean?" cried the widow to her. "Do you presume to—" and she turned fiercely on the poor girl, but stopped dead short on seeing her face. It was quivering with emotion; lips trembling, cheek and brow flushing painfully.

"I think," she faltered, raising a frightened and deprecating look to her angry parent—"I—I think it is me that Sir Hugh wants!"

"You! Impossible!" Then, with a burst of wrath: "And so this is what you have been doing—carrying on underhand! You deceitful—"

"No, mother, not deceitful. Until the other evening, when he waylaid me as I was returning from church, and asked me to be his wife, I never dreamed of such a thing; and I was afraid to tell you, thinking you would be annoyed—disappointed."

And annoyed and disappointed she was, this unnatural mother: bitterly aggrieved that her handsome favorite, the pride of her heart, should have been set aside for one so looked down upon and unloved.

The marriage, when announced, was a surprise; a nine-days' wonder, canvassed over many an

evening tea-table. In those days, the five o'clock institution had not been invented.

"The girl's an oddity," said a gossip. "Something queer about her—is there not?"

"Not in the least," replied a friend of the family; "but she's extremely plain, so has always been snubbed at home and kept out of sight; but for goodness and gentleness she is, I hear, without an equal. Not a servant in the house but worships her; and none know us better than our servants. To the poor, she is an angel; and all agree that the good fortune which has befallen her is well and richly deserved."

A QUEER, QUAIN'T PEOPLE.

PART II.

THE Zoarites are not a communicative people.

A good look into their quiet faces indicates this fact. For a while we thought there was a link lost—that they were really not at all like other people, but one day when we were out sketching and were returning from one of the most delightfully wild and beautiful places we had ever seen, we were attracted by the sound of flails. Really and truly, the rhythmic beating of the flails upon the barn floor! We started. No war-horse ever pricked up his ears quicker at the sound of the drum. Long, long ago it was a familiar noise—one that we had never expected to hear again, unless at a pioneer picnic when some old fellow was showing the present generation the ways of "ye olden time," that old time when the young thresher,

"Stooping stood with up-rolled sleeves,
Beating out the golden treasure
From the ripened, rustling sheaves."

Guided by the music of the flails we went across streets, and alleys, and back yards, until we came to an old-fashioned, double, log barn, where six men were threshing the seed off little bundles of flax. We sat down on a sled in the yard and watched them, and wondered how those swinging flails could cross each other's paths above the men's heads and hurt no one. They moved slowly from one side of the great barn to the other, and we sat and listened to the music "of the pounding of the flail," and thinking of Trowbridge's "Song of the Thresher's Little Wife:"

"The bright summer days are over,
And her eye no longer sees
The red bloom upon the clover,
The deep green upon the trees;
Hushed the song of finch and robin,
With the whistle of the quail;
But she hears the mellow throbbing
Of the thunder of the flail,
The low thunder of the flail—
Through the amber air the throbbing
And reverberating flail."

"Oh, was ever knight in armor—
 Warrior all in shining mail—
 Half so handsome as her farmer
 As he wields the flying flail?
 All the hopes that saw the sowing,
 All the sweet desire of gain,
 All the joy that watched the growing
 And the yellowing of the grain,
 And the love that went to woo her,
 And the faith that shall not fail—
 All are speaking softly to her
 In the pulses of the flail,
 Of the palpitating flail—
 Past and future whisper to her
 In the music of the flail.

"But when blessed among women
 And when honored among men,
 They look around them, can the brimming
 Of their utmost wishes then
 Give them happiness completer?
 And can ease and wealth avail
 To make any music sweeter
 Than the pounding of the flail?
 Oh, the sounding of the flail!
 Never music can be sweeter
 Than the breathing of the flail!"

One of the grave-faced Zoar boys got to giggling just like any other kind of a boy would. We were glad to see this. It seemed "like other folks." When the "flooring" was threshed enough, and the men paused to breathe awhile, we apologized for what might have seemed rude to our kind of people.

We told them it carried us away back to the times of our childhood, when our father and our two Uncle Johns worked this way in our old barn, and we sat in the sweet-smelling hay-mow and watched them with untiring interest, marveling then as now, why the flapping flails didn't hit their heads. And the giggling boys listened respectfully and "yah'd," and "yah'd" assent—pleased to hear stories about the old times before machines could do the labor

Of the strong arm and the flail,
 Of the stout heart and the flail—
 Great machines perform the labor
 Of the good old-fashioned flail."

The community garb was quite in keeping with the old times when flails did the threshing. The men wore grayish-brown trousers, long flapped vests, and coats made of navy-blue flannel or cloth, nearly all cut after the same pattern—between the soldier-blouse and the funny swallow-tailed coats.

Their hats seemed to have been home-made, soft, characterless, contented-looking hats, that settled low down on the head, and gave the wearer a squatty appearance.

The women wore dresses with plain waists and straight ungored, full skirts sewed on—handkerchiefs folded about the neck and shoulders, the

old grandmother fashion; belt aprons and shaker bonnets, when they wore bonnets at all. Sometimes they flung a handkerchief lightly over the head, as women used to fifty years ago, especially on Sundays when they walked out. But about their work, even though an errand took them from one end of the village to the other, they went bare-headed. We liked this latter custom and took it up very readily ourselves while we stayed in Zoar. It was pleasant to run from the hotel to the store or post-office bare-headed, and feel that one did not attract attention.

They wear substantial calf-skin shoes and dress very sensibly indeed. Those beautiful girls—the rosy Wilhelmimas, Jacobinas, Gertrudes, Dorethys, Berthas, Christines and Katrinas are very beautiful in their "beauty unadorned." We quite fell in love with all of them, the pretty dears. The estimate they put upon us, "none may know."

We hesitated about what to wear, but our companion said they are nothing to us nor we to them, and we will put on the same clothes we would on any other occasion; they will not care. Nor did they. They gave no sign of disapproval, nor did they compare the modern styles with their own, but looked at us with a pleased interest that made their shy, modest faces a study for an artist.

Their hearts warmed toward Lily. They were pleased to converse with her in their own German dialect, and laughed cheerily when their provincialisms confused her. They drew near to her, and sometimes, gently as one would stroke a kitten, they would touch her hair, or lift the lace on her dress and let it softly slide over their little brown hands, carefully, all the time expressing their surprise that people would come so far to visit Zoar. They liked to meet her on the wide stairs, or on the long porches where they could speak to her. They liked to ask questions and marveled sometimes at the answers. Some of the dear girls seemed to think the visible horizon bounded the world.

They have good schools, where the children are taught both German and English. Special attention is paid to music. A fine piano at the hotel accommodates pupils outside the village.

The young men have organized themselves into a band, and have good instruments, and this entertainment, twice a week, in the street, between the hotel and the store, is looked forward to with interest. During the summer evenings they meet oftener, and sit in the centre of the great garden and play until the bell rings for the hour of retirement. More attention is paid to music and to education than in former years.

In the centre of the garden some one's good taste is manifest by the construction of a seat for lovers, for the band, or for a little party who want to sit and chat in quiet with delightful surroundings. A very large pine-tree, symmetrical and

thickly set with branches—a very dense, dark mass of sweeping tassels—occupies the prettiest location in the garden. Around it is planted a thick, low hedge of arbor vite, which rises up and meets the drooping branches of the pine. A circular seat is inside, large enough to accommodate forty or fifty persons, and is the prettiest bower we ever entered. The ground is soft and sweet, with its carpet of dead pine needles underfoot. Simon Beiter, the gardener, loves the great green-house and garden with an attachment that leaves no room for unhappy thoughts in his breast. His family gave us *carte blanche* to go and come when and where we pleased, with all the freedom of home. They gave us flowers to wear in our hair and belts as long as we stayed in the community. His daughter, the pretty maiden with large, luminous brown eyes, and an unusually thoughtful face, loved to linger with us, while we enjoyed making the flashes of enthusiasm flit over her fine countenance. Her laugh is full of music. One of her brothers is a distinguished musician in a large city in Ohio.

We said to Gretchen, at the Wirthshaus, "What is there for us to see that we don't see at home? Something unusual?"

And the answer was: "Oh, so! See te milkin'!" and then she promised to call us when the hour for "te milkin'" came.

About four o'clock we were startled by the sound of bells, in all tones, from the coarse rumble down to the tinkle-tinkle of a tiny bell on the neck of a pet lamb. We hurried to the windows, and saw the silver-haired shepherd driving home the cows.

"Out of the clover and blue-eyed grass
He turned them into the river lane;
One after another he let them pass,
Then fastened the meadow-bars again."

Gretchen hailed up to us from the yard below, smiling as joyfully as though she were a visitor come to see the milking. The sweet girls came in twos and threes, really dressed up, and wearing a holiday air, with fresh, clean faces, bright braids of well-kept hair, glistening in the slanting rays of the afternoon sun, chattering in the Wurttemberg dialect. We ran down bare-headed, and joined the pretty procession meandering toward the stalls.

Think of one hundred dignified community cows—from stall to pasture, and from pasture to stall—a life of fat comfort. No wonder they were dignified, and sleek, and shining. They were escorted by a silver-haired old shepherd, carrying his staff and scrip, and attended by a bustling shepherd dog that ran here and there, giving out an occasional sharp yelp or bark.

What matronly-looking cows composed the herd owned by the community! We could not help the comparison—it made itself. The grave-faced trustees could put their hands in their pockets and

quote from one of the old poets—if they wanted to:

"We own no starvelings scraggy grown,
Loose-legged, and ribbed, and bony,
Like those who grind their noses down
On pastures bare and stony."

The milking stable is over two hundred feet in length, divided into stalls, with clean mangers, paved floors, and is kept scrupulously neat and tidy. No one would know from the odor that anything but sweet hay, vegetables and clean, flowing water had ever been under the spacious roof. Here we did see signs of these modern times in which we live. Some of the girls had a bit of snowy lace frilled about the necks and wrists of their spick-span, clean, starched calico dresses, and perhaps half a dozen of them had the front hair fixed just a trifle, a chance wave or tiny curl on one white temple, as though it merely happened thus. They pushed back their sleeves carefully and put on an apron, not unfolded from the ironing-table. Each girl took her cow and sat on a little pine stool, as happy as a queen on her throne, and the milk foamed and frothed up in the bright, tin pails, which they emptied into pine tubs, just scalded and immaculately clean.

When the tubs were full, stout women bore them on their heads to the dairy, which was anear. There the milk was poured into a huge strainer. The old milk-mother stood ready to ladle out below, as fast as she could, waiting on the constant procession of girls bearing tubs of milk.

Little children sat around on stools in the stable, with their tin cups in their hands, and the pretty girls would come and pat them and fill their cups, and watch the relish with which the little things drank them dry.

The rosy milk-maids gathered about Lily and asked and answered questions, and echoed her laugh with all the abandon of playful children, while we stood in among the golden pumpkins chatting with a dear old lady who lived at the hospital or Home up on the hillside, a delightful refuge for the aged women of the flock.

We patted her round, bent shoulders, and said: "Grandma, let the girls milk!" to which she said: "Me milk, too. So. Me like it. Me get self for—little; what you call, I not know."

Then, looking at us from head to foot in a pleased way, quite like taking an inventory, putting a money value on our dress and dolman, rather, she said: "Morried? You?"

With a little laugh at her woman's curiosity, we answered her.

"Morried she?" she asked, looking at Lily. And then, in her poor, broken way, she expressed the greatest surprise that we, two women, could visit Zoar alone.

Bless her dear old heart, and she was one of the very women who carried planks, two miles on her

head and shoulders, in the early days of their bitter experience of beginning life in the New World.

How she did laugh when we reminded her of the difference between then and now, and the women of the old times and the present.

Running her poor old hand down our arm in a caressing way, she said, "You know how work?" and when we assured her that our hands were familiar with all kinds of practical labor, and that we enjoyed it, and found it delightful, and far from drudgery, her eyes glistened and she looked upon us with favor, saying, "Oh, so, so! Ye-es!

So, so!" and invited us to call and visit the infirm old ladies of the community.

The happy milkers were moving homeward, and we followed after, thinking of the parting words of the dear old lady as she went up the clean walk of tan-bark: "Ich bin zufrieden!"—"I am contented!"

It was a strange sight. We were glad to look upon this scene of real content, but wondered what could be the secret of the Separatists' indifference to everything outside the charmed community.

PIPSEY POTTS.

Religious Reading.

"A CERTAIN MAN AS HE JOURNEYED."

A JOURNEY does not consist only of outward movement and progress; it is often a change of one's inward state and mood as well as of place. There are very few so fixed in character that they do not find themselves being unconsciously educated by their new experience; their sympathies are broadened, their perceptions are quickened, their prejudices softened, and the whole man is insensibly awakened more and more to the grand meaning of that humanity of which he himself forms so small a part. There are cases indeed, in which the wanderer bears about with him a life-long grief, or a passionate love, which closes his heart to the new world around him. An invalid who sees the foreboding shadow of a lonely grave on every landscape, cannot feel its true beauty or joy; an exile pines only for familiar work and the old home faces, but these are exceptions; and in spite of the frequent limitations which we ourselves interpose by preconceived ideas and old habits, there is a healthy capacity for growth in all human nature which responds quickly to its new aliment and stimulus.

It is a law of our own minds, that incessant repetition weakens the force and distinctness of an impression, as the continual use of the screw wears it smooth at last, so that it loses the power of retention. We all know how much pathos and beauty a foreigner finds in simple phrases, or songs which have grown dull and meaningless to our ears; and we in turn, look with unwonted interest and enjoyment upon the homeliest amusements, and simplest occupations abroad, which we would have passed by with indifference at home, where they lacked the picturesqueness of novel surroundings. The villages and country farms have for our awakened insight a new meaning; the houses are no longer mere bricks and mortar; they are homes, and tell us of human histories and struggles. The old remains of antique art and mediæval architecture, kindle into reality the colorless studies of our books. Our eyes, tired with the dust of railroads, and wearied with the monotony of stations and custom-houses, see the Alps or the Apennines swell like a heavenly vision, full of a light and glory which we never perceived before; the lakes and glens, the mists breaking before the dawn, take ineffaceable colors in our remembrance,

and return to us in many a lonely night vigil with a suggestion of refreshing or comfort. How often in hours of depression or despondency has the mention of a certain name reminded us of a day in the past, and in a flash of thought we again beheld the springing palm-trees at Mentone, or heard the jubilant sound of the horns from Alpine pastures! But best of all, in traveling, conventionalities and social restrictions are in a measure thrown aside; we see people as they are, and find room for giving and receiving all those little human kindnesses that testify of our often-forgotten but eternal brotherhood. We learn even more of humanity than we do of the earth.

The great emigrations of the race show how universal is the desire for unseen lands. It is kindled in a boy's heart by all the stories of adventure or of peril which he reads; all sights of strange animals and birds, or of strange ear-rings and rich textures brought from foreign countries, and these weave themselves into pictures that are continually beckoning him onward. The old Hebrew Scriptures, with that rare adaptation to human needs and desires which marks them as God's Word to humanity in all ages, are full of journeying, from the wandering forth of the sad pair from the first garden to the grand coming home of the innumerable multitude "whom no man could number" at the end. We have the long wandering in the wilderness, the sad captivities which engraved in the Jewish heart so deeply the meaning of the solemn truth of the Divine Unity (unheeded in their own land among idolatrous neighbors and friends), and filled the prophetic books with their strange, rich imagery from foreign cities. Their leaders were men who journeyed; from David fleeing from one stronghold to another in the hill-country; Joseph reigning in the land of Egypt in the palace of the Pharaoh's; Moses giving a code of laws and a religious ceremonial in the wastes of the desert, back to Jacob and Isaac, and Abraham called to be the founder of a great nation if he would forsake his own land and kindred, and his father's house. Their high religious faith, by which they confessed that they were strangers and pilgrims upon earth, seeking a heavenly city whose maker and builder is God, was re-echoed in the pathetic lives of the Maccabean heroes who wandered "in deserts, and mountains, and dens, and caves of the earth (of

whom the world was not worthy)." There is a deep meaning in these journeys of God's divinely-appointed rulers and leaders of men away from their own homes and kindred, and it is a meaning which is expressed again in those words of Jesus which have been a dark saying to so many hearts—that "he who hateth not father or mother, is not worthy of me." It is not the Divine will to sever in any wise the roots of those divinely-given loves of the household, which all nations and races have held sacred. He likens His own love to us to that of father and mother and friend, and He Himself inspires these gentle affections; but in the words I have quoted, our Lord expresses a law as old as the human soul, that only he who can give up his own personal life, his "self-derived intelligence," his love of self, which is like the very source of life to his narrow and limited being, can enter in and possess the greater life of the race, of humanity and of heaven. Man must deny himself in order to confess the truth in spirit and in life—a confession which, whenever and wherever so made, is attested by the earth and the heavens with enduring witness.

In the New Testament we read of One whose journeys brought healing to the sick bodies and sorrowful hearts of the common people—"Who went about doing good"—and who, remembering the refuge of the foxes in their close coverts and the hidden nests of the birds—those winged pilgrims of the air—says in words that touch the heart with anguish—"But the Son of Man hath not where to lay His head." From the hour of His birth, when there was no room for Him in the inn at Bethlehem, to the hour of His burial, when His body reposed in another man's sepulchre, there was no abiding-place for Him upon the earth. His followers also journeyed continually, passing from land to land, scattered abroad by persecutions like sparks of living fire to kindle a cold world. Paul, the teacher of the Gentiles, knew no fixed abode but a prison, and lived in the midst of manifold perils. Whether in the crowded city or lonely wilderness, among his own people or in foreign lands, in the temple of his God or shipwrecked among barbarians, he was alike "in deaths oft."

There are several of the parables of our Lord in which the idea of journeying is used with deep and fine significance. "A man planted a vineyard, and let it out to husbandmen, and went into another country for a long time." The planter of the vineyard is the God of the Church, who indeed never leaves us, but from whom we, in our evils and false, often depart, and when we find ourselves helpless and afar off, we say in our ignorance that He is too high and too far removed from our weakness, and so saying we rush into resistance to all the truths taught by His prophets, and by One greater than all prophets, for in Him shone the power of a Divine Life, as well as of a Divine Word. In this parable, as in another in which, under the type of a "Certain nobleman who went into a far country to receive for himself a kingdom, and to return," Divine Truth is represented as dealing with men who disbelieve in the fatherly goodness, which is the life of Divine Truth, and think of it only as ruling them like an austere and hard master, at a distance from their sympathies and affections. In each of these parables the coming of the Lord is the climax and consummation. Through

His coming was our redemption wrought, and at His coming we shall be judged.

In the parable of the Prodigal Son the estrangement of the human life from the Divine Love is also signified by the remoteness and destitution of the son, "Who gathered all together and took his journey into a far country." It was Channing, I think, who drew such an exquisite lesson from the words, "and when he came to himself," he resolved to arise and go to his father, for the soul does not find its true life until it seeks the father's loving presence. The first desire of one who comes to himself is to go to the father, for the wisdom and power of humanity abide in Him. In finding Him we find ourselves made whole and alive by His healing touch.

In the story of the Good Samaritan, by which our Lord taught the brotherly kindness that all men owe each other, our life is represented as a continual journey, the false priests and Levites passing by, too prudently scrupulous, or too intent on their own interests to touch the unfortunate wayfarer who has fallen among thieves; but the true neighbor, so full of sympathy that he sees every man's need, and cares for it as his own. Our life is indeed a journey. We pass from one state of mind, with all its hopes and desires, to a far different one. "When I was a man I put away childish things," may be said of every stage of growth. The thoughts we have ceased to think seem puerile and narrow. Our old aspirations are as empty as the nests of last year, which the young birds have deserted. Yet, while we wisely cast aside the trivial and useless elements of the past, let us always cherish in our hearts whatever of patience or tenderness we have ever learned, ready to pause by the wayside to lift up and heal the fallen, and among all "chances and changes" losing nothing of that which is alone enduring and unchangeable—Love.

ELLA F. MOSBY.

CHOSEN.

"Not many wise, not many mighty, not many noble."
I Cor. i, 26.

WHEN the King comes, with gracious voice
and tender,
To call His own,
That they a holy service glad may render
To Him alone,
Not many of earth's great or wise are taken,
These stand afar,
The lowly, meek, despised of men, forsaken,
His chosen are.
They in whose willing souls is sweetly sounding
The still, small voice.
These loyal ones, with love and works abounding,
Hear and rejoice.
With earnest zeal, with reverence meek and lowly,
With faith and prayer,
They speed His coming, and their efforts holy
His way prepare.
What though they toil to-day in pain and sorrow
With bitter tears!
Their sure reward is life and joy to-morrow,
Past doubt and fears!
God giveth to His chosen, grace and power,
Their work of love
Is but to trust and labor, hour by hour,
Till called above.

ADA E. ROCKWELL.

Boys' and Girls' Treasury.

A LETTER TO THE LITTLE FOLKS.

I CANNOT remember when I did not love children and flowers. They remind me of each other, and there is always a freshness and sweetness about them which is charming. A long time ago, when I was a very little girl, a lady came with a lovely babe, to spend a day with my mother. I longed to nurse and play with the little white-robed darling, with its pretty pink toes and dimpled hands; but mother thought it was not best, as my own chubby fingers were poisoned with ivy. So I crept away to the summer-house in the garden, and soon forgot my disappointment in play. That old summer-house in the middle of the garden at my dear old home. How lovely it was, and what a delightful playhouse! It was covered with climbing roses and vines, and from April to December it was a bower of beauty and bloom. The four corner beds inside, formed by crossing walks, were carpeted with box-vine, which loved to grow in the cool, dark shade. I spent many happy hours here, with only flowers and birds for company. I grouped flowers into families on each bed, who visited, went to church, ate from rose-leaf dishes, and drank from golden buttercups.

Once I had a grand marriage; music was given freely by mocking birds, red birds, and jenny wrens, all as much at home in the bower as I was. A stately lily was the bride, already dressed as she grew, in snowy satin. White hollyhocks were the old ladies in their silken robes, caped with a comfortable shoulder wrap. But my dearest treasures were poppy buds, with the green calyx removed and the petals reversed, to form the long, ruffled and fluted robes of the cunning, bald-headed babies of these same old ladies. No dolls were ever half so cute, no play so enchanting. When the little ones were sleepy they were rocked in cupping cabbage-leaf cradles, snugly tucked in with hollyhock blankets.

In those days dolls were not so cheap, nor near so pretty as they now are. I never had but one "store doll," as black Becky called it. That one was brought to me from Philadelphia by a grown sister, and was entirely too precious for every-day play. I could not wash her face nor comb her hair, nor dress and undress her; so she soon lost her charm. But my flower-dolls were newly dressed every morning; only the trouble of gathering them anew, with only a childish quiver of pain, that I must throw away the ones of the day before. I had no playmates of my own age, and spent hours all alone in this innocent sport. But let me whisper a little secret in your ear, to show you that sin, like an ugly reptile, can still creep in among the flowers, as he did in the Garden of Eden.

Sometimes, while at play, I would hear mother call, and the tempter would whisper, "Don't answer, or she will bid you come and learn your lesson," and I would be very still, pretending not to hear. That is the one sharp thorn, now I am old, when I think of the rose-plays of my childhood. I am now called an old woman by the little girls and older maidens. My mother has been for

many years in Heaven. That playtime of my life is set far back in "the sweet long ago," and gleams like a rose by the wayside of life; but then it bears that one thorn, and I would like to tell you how you can keep its sharp sting out of your lives, so that when you too are old, you may look back and see *only* the roses. Did you ever notice the young, tender thorns just starting out on rosebushes? You can bend them with your finger, or pluck them off, leaving scarcely a mark. Just so it is with a sin or bad habit. In its first beginning it is easily broken. But when once it is grown into your very life, like the old thorns, it will be hard to remove, and may sting you with its sharp claws.

So, dear little girls and boys who read this, watch for the little sins, just starting up in your young lives, and pluck them off before they get too firm a hold.

AUNT RENA.

A GARDEN OVERRUN WITH WEEDS.

"FATHER, I don't like to go to school," said Harry Williams, one morning. "I wish you would let me always stay at home. Charles Parker's father don't make him go to school."

Mr. Williams took his little boy by the hand, and said kindly to him, "Come, my son; I want to show you something in the garden."

Harry walked into the garden with his father, who led him along until they came to a bed in which peas were growing, the vines supported by thin branches that had been placed in the ground. Not a weed was to be seen about their roots, nor even disfiguring the walk around the bed in which they had been planted.

"See how beautifully these peas are growing, my son!" said Mr. Williams. "How clean and healthy the vines look! We shall have an abundant crop. Now let me show you the vines in Mr. Parker's garden. We can look at them through a great hole in his fence."

Mr. Williams then led Harry through the garden gate and across the road to look at Mr. Parker's pea-vines through a hole in the fence. The bed in which they were growing was near to the road, so they had no difficulty in seeing it. After looking into the garden for a few moments, Mr. Williams said:

"Well, my son, what do you think of Mr. Parker's pea-vines?"

"O father," replied the little boy, "I never saw such poor-looking peas in my life! There are no sticks for them to run upon, and the weeds are nearly as high as the peas themselves. There won't be half a crop!"

"Why are they so much worse than ours, Harry?"

"Because they have been left to grow as they pleased. I suppose Mr. Parker just planted them, and never took any care of them afterward. He has neither taken out the weeds, nor helped them to grow right."

"Yes, that is just the truth, my son. A garden

will soon be overrun with weeds and briars if it is not cultivated with the greatest care. And just so it is with the human garden. This precious garden must be trained and watered, and kept free from weeds, or it will run to waste. Children's minds are like garden-beds, and they must be tended as carefully as, and even more carefully than the choicest plants. If you, my son, were never to go to school, nor have good seeds of knowledge planted in your mind, it would, when you become a man, resemble the weed-covered, neglected bed we have just been looking at, instead of the beautiful one in my garden. Would you think me right to neglect my garden as Mr. Parker neglects his?"

"Oh, no, father; your garden is a good garden, but Mr. Parker's is all overrun with weeds and briars. It won't yield half as much as yours will."

"Or, my son, do you think I would be right if I neglected my son as Mr. Parker neglects his son, allowing him to run wild, and his mind, uncultivated, to become overgrown with weeds?"

Little Harry made no reply, but he understood pretty clearly what his father meant.

"I send you to school," Mr. Williams continued, "in order that the garden of your mind may have good seeds sown in it, and that these seeds may spring up and grow and produce plentifully. Now, which would you prefer, to stay at home from school, and so let the garden of your mind be overrun with weeds, or go to school and have this garden cultivated?"

"I would rather go to school," said Harry. "But, father, is Charles Parker's mind overrun with weeds?"

"I am afraid that it is. If not, it certainly will be if his father does not send him to school. For a little boy not to be sent to school is a great misfortune, and I hope you will think the privilege of going to school a very great one, indeed."

Harry Williams listened to all his father said, and, what was better, thought about it, too. He never again asked to stay at home from school.

The Home Circle.

KATY CASTLETON'S CLUB.

YOU will remember we were to meet at the home of Janette Patterson, to help her get her new web of carpet off to the weavers. Janette lives in a neat little home on the bank of the river, in hearing of the rush and roar of the mill-dam.

We made Mrs. Castleton take the chair. After we were all at work, busy as bees, order was called, and the woman sitting on the right was the first to respond.

She, Mrs. Sanborn, said she had been studying all the morning, trying to think of the newest and best thing she had learned. Only one thing could she think of that was new, and she twisted her head sideways, and charged us not to laugh at her simple offering, which was this; that worm-dust is the best remedy in the world for that troublesome soreness that afflicts very plump fat babies. Women all know, that the creases in a baby's neck, legs, arms, and under its arms, will, even with great care, become red, and chafed, and sore.

Worm-dust or powder, is easily found among old boards, planks, timber, or in old log-houses, or old wood-piles. It is as fine as dust, and one application even, will give relief and effect a cure, for a time at least.

Every woman with a baby about the house made a note of this.

"Next, Mrs. Middleton?" said Aunt Katy, nodding to the woman sitting on an ottoman.

"When I cleaned house in the spring," began Mrs. Middleton, promptly, "I found the moths so bad in one room that I did not know what could be done. I was despairing, and had one of my neighbors—the doctor's wife—come and look with me. The very floor was moth-y—they were hidden down in the cracks, even. My neighbor had seen the like once before, and acting on her suggestion, I made use of the application which she recom-

mended. I took nearly a quart of spirits of turpentine and poured it over the floor and into the cracks, and the next day put down the carpet. I am sure that put an end to the moth faction. The floor absorbed the spirits and not a vestige will be seen when that carpet is taken up again. It looked like a ruinous venture for a tidy house-keeper, but it was a satisfaction to wreak my vengeance on the troublesome things. In less than a week the odor had passed away."

The moderator thanked the woman for her good, sensible and thorough manner of riddance from this pest which had full possession, and then she signaled to the lady who came in turn, a young Miss Lee. She shook her head.

"You must contribute something, if it is only a song, or a story, or a recitation; that is one of our rules, you know, dear," said the moderator, with a smile that was really encouraging.

With a dash of assumed boldness and bravery, the little maid said: "I'll tell how I made this collar that I have on. It is easy done. You see, I took a strip of fine, white lawn, nearly an inch wide and nearly a yard long. I hemmed both sides of it on the machine, then I took a strip of insertion the same length, and sewed the two edges together; then, you see, I took another strip of lawn and another row of insertion, and added on, and then I put this inch wide lace last, at the edge, hemmed the ends, and then I plaited it carefully on the plaiter and fastened down the plaits by running across it with the sewing machine, and that made the little frill you see at the top of my collar. I hope I have made it plain enough that you can all understand, for any girl in this day of pretty inventions and pretty fashions, can make most anything she sees others wear."

She was so embarrassed, the dear girl, that we all thanked her over and over for her simple little pleasant contribution.

Mrs. Chappel gave her recipe for coloring a pretty blue on cotton rags. "For five pounds,

take two boxes of Barlow's bluing, dissolved in soft water enough to cover the goods. See that the rags are clean, free from starch or grease or anything that would prevent the dye taking well. Scald them thoroughly in hot alum water. Wring out and then scald in the blue dye as hot as you can bear the hands in, but do not allow it to boil. This insures a beautiful blue."

This woman told us a good many new things about making carpet. She said she made a beautiful web once, but the copperas stripe in the filling quarreled with the red stripe in the chain, and the result was, that the copperas whipped—came off victor. The carpet wore out first in those places where the red chain crossed the copperas filling, and her inference was, that perhaps the strong dye was not well washed out of the copperas, and the red chain was not very good—or that the two kinds of dyes were not good friends, and the result was ruinous to the carpet.

The next woman called on was Mrs. McCulloch. She said that while we were on the carpet question, she must tell something that would be good to remember. She always scatters tea-grounds over her carpet before she sweeps, and in one of the upper rooms is a piece of rag carpet made the winter before she was married—and that was the year Lincoln was elected President. One stripe in it—a beautiful brown, with a cinnamon tint—grows prettier and brighter as it grows older. It was originally some old white woolen shirts colored in a dye made of logwood and madder boiled together. In coloring blue on woolen one time, she obtained a deep, clear, fast tint, by adding a handful of madder to the blue dye. It seemed to give "body" to the dye, and set the color permanently.

Louise Belden, the teacher in the primary department, was called on for her contribution. She lives with her mother in the edge of Millwood. "If you only knew," she began, laughing; Katy shook her head with a "now, Weesie!" "If you only knew," she began again, when a burst of merriment, silenced her useless apology.

"Let me tell you, girls, and then you may judge. I have tried, and tried to commit that nice little poem, 'February Rains,' to recite to-day. I wanted to show you what good things the poet said about February. Early yesterday morning, I went into the parlor to study it, and before I had committed three lines I had a caller, Mr. W. Winfield Bawkey. He lives in Carlton, and called to see if I could tell him the name of the family with whom his grandmother died in 1820. Just as if I knew! I guess he thought I was grandmother Belden, herself. He stayed an hour at least, and after he was gone, and I had fairly got to committing again, who should come but Prudy Simmons on her way home from 'daddy's weddin' dinner'—she called it. He lives seventy miles distant, and his children had all met to celebrate his birthday at his home. Now, poor Prudy is very deaf, and not in good circumstances, and the poor soul, to save money, had come all the journey without a morsel and had sat all night in the station-house. Her head did ache dreadfully, too. I flew round and made her a good cup of tea and prepared a nice breakfast, and it did my heart good to send her on her homeward way rejoicing, and grateful, and as she said 'as good as new.'

"She said 'daddy's weddin' dinner' was won-

derful, and they all gave him gifts of silk handkerchiefs, paper collars, socks, mottoes, chromos, neck-ties, and everything pretty and useful. He was so 'teched up' that the tears ran down his cheeks.

"As soon as she was gone, I took up the poem again. In less than fifteen minutes all the Academy girls had gathered under the oaks below our house, making wreaths for the coming exhibition. They kept up a continuous giggling—a silly fusillade of laughter, that put an end to all serious thinking. And now will you not excuse me?" and Louise looked around inquiringly.

The moderator put the question, and she was really excused.

Sadie Lynch, the blacksmith's daughter, was called on. She is a bright girl, quick as a robin, a lover of housework and home, and her response was: "Father and the boys, if they know it, won't eat cold potatoes warmed over, any way I can fix them. We cannot afford to waste them, and so I set about saving them, and making them good to eat. I boil them with the skins on, and if any are left, I take the skins off, drop them into boiling water and when well heated through make mashed potatoes of them. They will be good if fixed with cream and butter, and pepper and salt, and eaten hot. No one would know they were warmed over. Then if any are left, I mould them into little flat cakes and fry them brown in meat fryings and butter. Lift them on to a hot plate, and they will be found excellent."

One woman gave a remedy for quinsy, or a preventive. Spread tar on a thick cloth, and apply to the neck and throat, which must be greased first. Do this at night, and in the morning all pain and soreness will be gone, and the brown stain of the tar can be washed off with warm castile soap-suds. Let the hair be removed entirely out of danger of the tar.

Another told about hanging a pair of pictures. She had no cord, and improvised one out of wool twine, which she covered with red dress-braid. The lady beside her, suggested that the twine might have been hidden with pressed autumn leaves, strung along so as to cover it entirely. Another objected to leaves, for the reason that they caught dust, and grew cob-webby so soon, and were so perishable that they would not bear dusting.

Chatty Brooks was called on by the inn-keeper's wife to inform the women how she cooked dried apples. Their fame had reached the Forest House. If poor, humble, common, every-day dried apples could be cooked so as to become a respectable article of food, why every woman ought to know it.

Then Chatty Brooks—that's me—said: "When I stew them, I add a handful of raisins, cook slowly in a closely-covered little tin pail on the back part of the stove in plenty of water. When they are about half done, I put in a teacupful of sugar and let them stew very gently until they are well done. They are good."

Miss Jones, of the firm of "Jones & Burrows, Milliners," threw back her curls and said she would have something new to tell her mother now; that she had often heard her say that dried apples and ginger snaps were the only abominations she knew of in cookery.

At this Aunt Katy, the moderator, herself, said

she would give Miss Jones a ginger-snap recipe for her mother—one that would make her condemnation change to praise and thanksgiving.

Just here the balls were dropped—red, blue, green, yellow, purple, black and white—and the pencils were touched to the papers waiting. Here it is:

One cup of sugar, one of molasses, one of lard and butter, mixed equally; one tablespoonful each of cinnamon and ginger, one teaspoonful each of cloves and soda dissolved, half a teacupful of water, and enough flour to make a moderately stiff dough. Roll thin and bake quickly.

Miss Jones was not the only woman who spoke her thanks aloud. Aunt Katy said she used to make these snaps by the jarful when she had a lot of young folks about her, and they were never flouted as "old snaps."

"If I only had a good recipe for white cake," said Lizzie —, the blue-eyed girl who lives at the mill and takes care of the miller's poor, motherless little girls, Ruthie and Fannie.

At this, Kate Castleton, quite forgetting herself, said, "Why, my dear child, all you have to do is to write it down just as I tell you, he, he!" and sure enough she began reeling it off: "One cup of rich, sweet milk, one cup of butter, two cups of sugar, the beaten whites of five eggs, two teaspoonfuls of soda, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar and three cups of flour, and you are very welcome, Miss Lizzie."

Hattie Hollis was called on next. Hattie said the newest and prettiest thing she had to tell was that of a window curtained with morning-glory vines, in such a tasteful way. The vines were carried straight up over the window on strings. When they had attained a good growth the strings were loosened at the top, or let down to hang slack until they were parted in the middle and caught back at the two sides, the same as curtains looped back. Then the tops were secured to the best advantage. This is a very pretty ornament over a door that is not used, or seldom used. It is a beautiful suggestion. Just here, when we were all in good talking and listening humor, the foundry whistle gave the signal for our adjournment. We were sorry. We women have such good times together.

The next time we meet at Carrie Allen's. The men furnish the warp, and the women the filling, and Carrie weaves the web for the preacher.

CHATTY BROOKS.

THE TRUE PLACE OF EDUCATION.

MOST men and women want to educate their children. Very few there are who would not try to send their little ones to school, for a time at least—many even make sacrifices innumerable in order to do so. But out of all the parents and guardians who acknowledge their duty in this respect, how many could tell just why they seek to perform it?

Were that question put to any great proportion of them, the commonest answer would probably be, "Because we don't want them to grow up ignorant!" or something similar. If a second question were put, "Why do you not want them to grow up ignorant?" perhaps no reply at all would

be attempted. At most, it would very likely amount to little more than "Because it isn't nice not to know anything."

Another answer to the first query might be, "Because they will be more likely to get up in the world if educated—education will give them standing." Again might we add a second interrogation, and ask "Why does it do so?" and receive a like indefinite reply, "Because it does!" or something like it.

Still another response might be, "Because it will help them earn their living." And still again, if we query further, "How?" the answer will probably be vague, "Oh, we don't know—perhaps they will teach." All of which seems to say that parents educate their children very much according to instinct or custom, scarce being able to give a reason for so doing other than that, somehow, it seems the proper thing to do.

This, I think, should not be. We all hope, theoretically at least, to see the day when ignorance shall be no more. In a lower as well as in a higher sense, we shall be able to "give a reason for the hope that is within us." Let us, then, analyze these recorded answers to our questions.

"It will help them earn their living." True—but then again it may not. This is beginning to be so well understood that many doubt the propriety of teaching a child anything at all that will not directly tend in after years to filling his pocket, and call any study waste of time that does not keep that one end in view. But should such doctrine become prevalent, it would be fatal to human progress—so that a man were fed and clothed, he would feel no further interest in anything, and every avenue of new inquiry would be forever closed. And as to teaching,—if no one learned except to teach again, what would be the ultimate use of this teaching? It would be an expensive, valueless process, gone over and over again, like the old songs with one stanza, to be repeated *ad infinitum*, never making a point, and, of course, never reaching a conclusion. No, education does not always give us a living. I have in mind now a man who thoroughly understands six or seven languages, yet who earns his bread as puddler in an iron foundry.

"They will be more likely to get up in the world." Perhaps—but not necessarily. The man just alluded to did not. The best educated are often those of whom the world knows least. I remember, not long ago, reading of a Pennsylvania farmer to whom the Royal Society of London sent an honorary degree and a gold medal for his remarkable scientific researches—but not until his name appeared in the papers in this connection were his neighbors aware that he knew anything—or, in fact, that he existed. His honors made no difference in his pursuits or style of living. Here is at least one case in which education did very little, socially, in the way of elevation.

"We don't want them to grow up ignorant." The commonest answer—though vague as the other, is, after all, the best. There is a wide-spread instinct, scarcely expressed, that every human faculty was given to be used. It is as natural, as proper, to cultivate the brain as the muscles, the intellect as the morals. It is as praiseworthy to exercise judgment and reflection as sight and hearing; thought and memory as love and charity. Would it not sound ridiculous to say that a man

ought to cultivate his muscles because it wouldn't be nice for him not to do so? To look at a landscape, or listen to a bird, because he would be more respected if he did? To be kind to his neighbors, because by so doing he might be better able to earn his living?

True, these may all be reasons why he should employ his muscles, his senses, his graces. But they are certainly only secondary ones. The most unthinking would acknowledge that all these should be exercised for their own sakes. Then why should not the mental powers? Education is its own end, its own great reward. It is to be planned for, hoped for, toiled for, just as much as comfort, pleasure, wealth, or any other object for which mankind generally plan, and hope, and toil. Ignorance, like dirt, disease or sin, is a pitiful evil, a wrong and misfortune to be dreaded, deplored, fought and conquered—a state of misery resulting from broken laws, in which our beneficent Creator never intended any of His children to live and suffer. Mental food and the need of it are just as real facts as are natural food and the need of it. The intellectual man, with his wants, just as surely exists as the physical. Stint your higher nature, if you will—you only dwarf your soul and belittle your humanity.

What matters it in the end whether or not the world recognized your ability, whether or not your knowledge gained you your bread? Nothing. But it matters much whether your brain is vigorous, your nature expanded, and your mind filled with precious treasures, of which nothing can rob you and which nothing can utterly destroy.

"We cannot afford education," say some. Very well—then you cannot afford to live, for education is almost the one chief need of life. Without it, the richest is a pauper; with it the poorest is a prince. Were education regarded as it should be, men would no more dream of living without it than without food and fire and clothing; for it they would, if necessary, barter farms and merchandise, ships and stores, and rightly consider that they had gained by the exchange.

MARGARET.

DAY-DREAMING.

MY DEAR GIRLS: The visions of the night, when "slumber's chains have bound us," are vagaries, picturings and imaginings over which we have no control. But they and their influence are fleeting, while day-dreaming, long indulged, seems to become almost equally as lawless, while its influence on our lives is great and lasting, either for good or ill. Day-dreams that are not subject to the control of the mind are harmful. They not only weaken and diffuse the powers of the mind, but they fill it with unrealities.

Love of self is generally the foundation upon which are raised imaginary structures of pleasures of any and all descriptions, that may at the time seem alluring. An unceasing round of perpetual joy is fancied, a sunshine of happiness and prosperity, which never fades nor shadows, but which exists principally, if not entirely, for the dreamer's benefit alone; joy behind joy, in endless perspective, looms up before the imagination; joys that are as false and selfish as they are unreal and impossible, until the love of true and genuine pleas-

ure, of truth and genuineness in any form is entirely unable to reach or to satisfy the unnatural cravings of a diseased mind.

The imagination is one of the most important faculties of the human mind. Its proper exercise is not only attended with delight, but with benefit. It furnishes us with food for thought when we are not otherwise occupied, and when we are at work it is busy picturing for us the results of what we are doing. It is an artist which, from our ideas, creates pictures which represent what we are going to do, the manner in which we are going to do it, and shows us the image of it when done.

Thus it acts, now, as a restrainer, guarding us against doing what will result undesirably, and again, as a leader, leading us to what is practical and useful, a leader that draws us "onward and upward." Whenever I have been about to undertake anything, if even nothing more than to make a dress, I always had wanted to "think it over" for a while. I imagine certain combinations of styles and drappings, of causes and effects, rejecting some and accepting others, until I have in my mind a picture of what I think will be pretty and appropriate. Then, and not till then, I am ready to go to work.

This is, no doubt, the general experience, but in order to do this, the imagination must be properly trained, properly under control. One that is subject to no law, that is, free from the control of reason, that runs at will in answer to a passing delight, or passing whim, that yields to every breath of annoyance or discouragement, cannot be relied on to represent any true idea. It is like attempting to drive an unbroken horse, that has no conception of the use of the rein or the snaffle, and would be willing to give them no heed if he had.

"Dangerous conceits are in their nature poison," therefore it is very essential that you keep your thoughts pure, good, wholesome, and resolutely resist the entrance of all others, remembering that whatever is not of good is of evil. I have known young people—and people who were not young—to attend to their duties in a dreamy, careless fashion, not really knowing what they were about. It is unnecessary to say their work was badly done.

As youth is the time for forming ways and habits that generally last through life, indeed, that determine the course of life, youth is the time to avoid contracting such as will enervate and invalidate the individual powers. So this habit of dreamy performance should be broken in upon with determination; it should not be allowed to obtain a mastery which, by and by, it will be very difficult to elude or resist.

One who would be the master of his own powers must establish and hold that mastery, even in little things. "Anything," they used to tell me when I was a little girl, "that is worth doing at all, is worth doing well." And nothing can be done well when done without our knowing what we are about. The faithfulness over little things will make us capable of being faithful over those of greater importance. No matter what you do, you must think, you must notice. It is the thinking and the noticing that is of the most importance for your own sake. Make yourselves attend to what you are doing, or else stop doing until you can do so. Ordinary people, who try to live in this dreamy fashion, not paying attention to their duties, generally come to nothing—or worse.

I know a woman with more than the average attractiveness, with more than the average mental ability, whose life, looking at it as we can only look at one another's lives, seems to have been a lamentable failure. A result, I think, that was largely due to the fact that she is the victim of an undisciplined mind. She was a day-dreamer to the core, full of visions and fancies. Her married life was unhappy; her widowed life has been no less so. She never paid attention to what she undertook to do, consequently her undertakings were generally fruitless. She would commence and not finish; undertake and spoil; and through all, above all, she took time to dream—would drop at any time important work and spend hours "wool gathering."

It is pitifully sad to see such cases. I always feel as though I wanted to rouse every one that I find indulging in such fateful habits, to call to them, "Wake up! You are giving place to a canker-worm that will eat out the best of your life, and cripple it forever!"

My dear girls, make it your especial business to be wide-awake, to attend to whatever you have to do—that it is right for you to do—with all your might, with all your hearts, with all your strength. Do not waste your powers, your energies, your lives on dreams. Let the fancies that come to you be pure and holy, and joyous and enduring; fancies that will find their highest fruition in being wrought out daily in lives of beauty, unselfishness and truth.

AUNTIE.

FACTS AND FANCIES.

VIOLETS.

"Flowers! what are they? They are but the thoughts of God solidified—God's beautiful thoughts put into shape."—SPURGEON.

A TINY vase of violets, shy, sweet, loving—their own dark-green leaves forming a background of strength for the frail blossoms—stands on the table beside me, in loving companionship, as I write.

Farewell rays of gleaming sunlight, entering through the fringes of the larch-tree by the western window, rest upon the faces of my favorites with a lingering look of affection and, I fancy, a whispered promise of "Jerusalem the Golden," that fairly glorifies them with a reflection of the sun's own radiance, while their eyes hold an inexpressibly far-away look of grave intensity, as though they had looked through and beyond the pearly gates left for one brief moment ajar, and had caught enrapturing glimpses of the jasper walls, golden streets and lofty jeweled domes, that arise in that wondrous city above the clouds.

Dear little violets! I found them an hour ago on the western side of the arbor vite hedge, in the front yard, nestling close and low underneath the sheltering evergreens.

Five years ago I brought one root from the bank of a wooded stream, miles away, and placed it here. To-day I found a numerous family of them, seemingly delighted with their surroundings, and quite at home among the brave, strong, evergreens, with something of the earthy wood-scent of their former home clinging to them still, and mingling with their own sweet breath.

The first plant was a brave little pioneer, and

doubtless felt the loneliness of its lot, so far removed from the protecting care of the trees, to whom it had always looked in confiding trust, never dreaming of being removed here, to struggle alone with heated winds and burning suns.

Evergreen Farm was not then a comfortable abode for violets. Only eight years ago it lay here a base, open tract of prairie, with nothing whatever to suggest the "home, sweet home," it is today, with its many hundred evergreens, both large and small, that are every year making rapid advances toward a "higher life," pleasant groves, ornamental and flowering shrubs, vineyards and orchards, where not many days ago snowy and delicately pink-tinted blossoms were drifting here and there, forming banks of perfume, where a few years since the unrestrained prairie winds sent the dry "tumble weed" revolving rapidly over the ground, until their flight was suddenly stopped by the wire fences stretched for the protection of the young hedges, where they collected in long drifts not at all interesting in a passive state.

But the present generation of violets know nothing of fierce winds, or scorching suns. They are quietly content with the wealth of beauty around them, listening every morning in rapt attention to the birds' grateful songs for their goodly homes, and in the evening again with a solemn earnestness, when multitudes of fairy singers join in one grand chorus of "Glory to God in the highest."

These friends of my childhood, what memories they awake to-night, of the time

"When life, like the violet dainty,
Was the color of heaven's own blue."

From the deep, shadowy recesses of New England "woods," odors almost forgotten come to me now, floating o'er the pleasant plains of the long-untrudged past, and by the mysterious power of association, bringing to mind the fair scenes and valued friends of earliest years, among them a troop of loving, care-free schoolmates.

School-friends are always near when the violets are, though sadly I remember that some of these have gone on where flowers of fadeless beauty bloom.

In those days, the violets were some of the minor glories of the wonderful garden that had fallen to our share, when our disobedient first parents went forth to take up life's burden in toil and sorrow.

Their fragrance was the breath of angels, and they brought touching messages of the far-away heaven.

Heaven was a reality then. No misty speculations had ever clouded our childish faith, no hint of the difficulties on the road to be met and overcome, ere the resting-place is reached, ever disturbed, no experience of the utter weakness of human effort, nor it must be thankfully acknowledged, nothing of the joy of conquering doubts, fears, all, in the never-failing strength of "One mighty to save," when humiliating defeats have driven the struggling soul to Him whose feet have traveled over every step of the way from earth to heaven.

These precious blossoms, with "faithful, constant and true," shining from the clear depths of their serene, steadfast eyes, are inseparably linked

with the saddest, sweetest, recollections of my life, claiming fond thoughts for all the loved and true, both near and far—and, ah, me! one thought, too, for the untrue, remembered still, in their presence.

But they speak with such winning earnestness of the love "that hath no variableness nor shadow of turning," of the faithful friends, tried and found "pure gold," of the beautiful realities still existing, the opportunities the present holds and the grand promises awaiting fulfillment in the future,

I cannot dwell upon the darker shades of life's picture, but look forward across the sunlit waters that lie between the present and the City gloriously grand in the "beauty of holiness," to the time when, trusting in the love that commended to our consideration these fragile beauties, that tune our hearts to music strange and sweet, though not of earth, when we shall find our dreams and fancies are sweetest facts, extending far beyond all our vivid imaginations here could ever have comprehended.

ARBOR VITÆ.

Evenings with the Poets.

THE BROOK.

LITTLE brook! Little brook!
You have such a happy look—
Such a very merry manner, as you swerve and curve and crook—

And your ripples, one and one,
Reach each other's hands and run
Like laughing little children in the sun.

Little brook, sing to me;
Sing about a bumblebee
That tumbled from a lily-bell and grumbled mumbly,

Because he wet the flim
Of his wings, and had to swim,
While the water bugs raced round and laughed at him.

Little brook, sing a song
Of a leaf that sailed along
Down the golden-braided centre of your current
swift and strong;
And a dragon-fly that lit
On the tilting rim of it,
And rode away and wasn't scared a bit.

Little brook, laugh and leap,
Do not let the dreamer weep;
Sing him all the songs of summer till he sink in
softest sleep;
And then sing soft and low
Through his dreams of long ago—
Sing back to him the rest he used to know.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY in the *Boston Transcript*

WAITING FOR THE DAWN.

ALL in the early morning,
Before the dawn of day,
I heard a robin chanting
The sweetest, sweetest lay.

Out of the soul of silence
The joyous anthem thrilled,
Till all the shadowed heaven
With melody was filled.

The pulsing heart of Nature
Still beat in balmy sleep,
And as I lay and listened
I could not choose but weep,

And be a child in sorrow,
And shed a child's sweet tears,
With smiles of sunshine after,
Just as in vanished years.

O bonny bird! glad singing
While darkness round thee lay,
With trustful patience waiting
The holy light of day!

Shall I not catch the meaning
Of that inspiring song,
And through the gloom of sorrow
Hope though the night be long?

Hope with a heart undaunted,
That will not bend to fate,
But singing mid the shadows,
The glad, sweet dawning wait.

AT LAST.

WHEN on my day of life the night is falling,
And, in the winds from unsunned spaces
blown,
I hear far voices out of darkness calling
My feet to paths unknown.

Thou who hast made my home of life so pleasant,
Leave not its tenant when its walls decay,
O Love divine, O Helper ever present,
Be Thou my strength and stay!

Be near me when all else is from me drifting,
Earth, sky, home's picture, days of shade and shine,
And kindly faces to my own uplifting
The love which answers mine.

I have but Thee, O Father! Let Thy spirit
Be with me then to comfort and uphold;
No gate of pearl, no branch of palm, I merit,
Nor street of shining gold.

Suffice it if—my good and ill unreckoned,
And both forgiven through Thy abounding
grace—
I find myself by hands familiar beckoned
Unto my fitting place.

Some humble door among Thy many mansions,
Some sheltering shade where sin and striving
cease,
And flows forever through Heaven's green expan-
sions
The river of Thy peace.

There, from the music round about me stealing,
I fain would learn the new and holy song,
And find, at last, beneath Thy trees of healing,
The life for which I long.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER in *Atlantic Monthly*.

Young Ladies' Department.

DR. PEABODY'S ADDRESS.

THE following extracts are taken from an address delivered before a young ladies' school by Dr. Peabody, Professor of Christian Morals in Howard University.

"I propose to offer you a few hints on conversation. There is, perhaps, a peculiar appropriateness in the selection of this topic for an address to young ladies; for they do more than any class in the community toward establishing the general tone and standard of social intercourse. The voices of many of you, already, I doubt not, strike the key-note of home conversation; and you are fast approaching an age when you will take prominent places in general society; will be the objects of peculiar regard; and will, in a great measure, determine whether the social converse in your respective circles shall be vulgar or refined, censorious or kindly, frivolous or dignified.

"Let me first beg you, if you would be good talkers, to form and fix now habits of correct and easy pronunciation. The words which you now miscall, it will cost you great pains in after-life to pronounce aright, and you will always be in danger of returning inadvertently to your old pronunciation. There are two extremes which you ought equally to shun. One is that of carelessness; the other, that of extreme precision, as if the sound of the words uttered were constantly uppermost in the mind. This last fault always suggests the idea of vanity and pedantry, and is of itself enough to add a deep indigo hue to a young lady's reputation.

"Let me next beg of you to shun all the ungrammatical vulgarisms which are often heard, but which never fail to grate harshly on a well-tuned ear. If you permit yourselves to use them now, you will never get rid of them. I know a venerable and accomplished lawyer, who has stood at the head of his profession in this State and has moved in the most refined society for half a century, who to this day says *hain't* for *has not*, having acquired the habit when a school-boy. I have known persons who have for years tried unsuccessfully to break themselves of saying *done* for *did*, and *you and I* for *you and me*. *Can't*, *don't* and *haven't* are admissible in rapid conversation on trivial subjects. *Im't* and *hasn't* are more harsh, yet tolerated by respectable usage. *Didn't*, *couldn't*, *wouldn't* and *shouldn't* make as unpleasant combinations of consonants as can well be uttered, and fall short but by one remove of the unutterable names of Polish gentlemen which sometimes excite our wonder in the columns of a newspaper. *Won't* for *will not*, and *ain't* for *is not* or *are not*, are absolutely vulgar; and *hain't* for *has not* or *have not*, is utterly intolerable.

"Nearly akin to these offenses against good grammar is another untasteful practice into which you are probably more in danger of falling and which is a crying sin among young ladies—I mean the use of exaggerated, extravagant forms of speech—saying *splendid* for *pretty*, *magnificent* for *handsome*, *horrid* for *very*, *horrible* for *unpleasant*, *immense* for *large*, *thousands* or *myriads* for any

number greater than *two*. Were I to write down for one day, the conversation of some young ladies of my acquaintance, and then to interpret it literally, it would imply that, within the compass of twelve or fourteen hours, they had met with more marvelous adventures and hair-breadth escapes, had passed through more distressing experiences, had seen more imposing spectacles, had endured more fright and enjoyed more rapture, than would suffice for half a dozen common lives. This habit is attended with many inconveniences. It deprives you of the intelligent use of strong expressions when you need them. If you use them all the time, nobody understands or believes you when you use them in earnest. This habit has also a very bad moral bearing. Exaggerated speech makes one careless of the truth. I am acquainted with persons whose representations of facts always need translation and correction, and who have utterly lost their reputation for veracity, solely through this habit of overstrained and extravagant speech. They do not mean to lie; but they have a dialect of their own, in which words bear an entirely different sense from that given to them in the daily intercourse of discreet and sober people.

"You will be surprised, young ladies, to hear me add to these counsels, 'Above all things, swear not at all.' Yet there is a great deal of swearing among those who would shudder at the very thought of being profane. The Jews, who were afraid to use the most sacred names in common speech, were accustomed to swear by the temple, by the altar and by their own heads; and these oaths were rebuked and forbidden by divine authority. I know not why the rebuke and prohibition apply not with full force to the numerous oaths by *goodness*, *faith*, *patience* and *mercy*, which we hear from lips that mean to be neither coarse nor irreverent. I do not regard these expressions as harmless. I believe them inconsistent with Christian laws of speech. The frame of mind in which a young lady says in reply to a question, '*Mercy! no!*' is very different from that which prompts the simple, modest '*No.*' Were there any room for doubt I should have some doubt of the truth of the former answer; for the unnatural, excited, fluttered state of mind implied in the oath might indicate either an unfitness to weigh the truth or an unwillingness to acknowledge it."

Dr. Peabody then proceeds to give much excellent advice regarding higher considerations. He points out the fact that great laws of duty and religion should govern our conversation, though amusement and wit are good in their places. The chief dangers to be guarded against are evil speaking, slander, detraction, gossip and scandal, which are, after all, the same thing with different names. "The demon of slander loves an empty house. A taste for scandal betrays a vacant mind. Furnish your minds, then, by useful reading and study, and by habits of reflection and mental industry, that you may be able to talk about subjects as well as about people—about events too long past or too remote to be interwoven with slander. But, if you must talk about people, why not about their good

traits and deeds? Virtue is in her very nature modest and retiring, while faults lie on the surface and are detected at a glance.

"Your words not only express, but help create your characters. Speech gives definiteness and permanence to your thoughts and feelings. The unuttered thoughts may fade from the memory—may be chased away by better thoughts—may, indeed, hardly be a part of your own mind; for if suggested from without and met without a welcome and with disapproval and resistance, it is yours. But by speech you adopt thoughts, and the voice that utters them is as a pen that engraves them indelibly on the soul.

"Consider, also, how large a portion speech makes up of the lives of all. It occupies the greater part of the waking hours of many of us, while express acts of a moral bearing, compared with our words, are rare and few. Let me ask you now to consider for a moment the influence which we exert upon the happiness or misery of others. It is not too much to say that most of us do more good or harm in this way than in all other forms beside. Look around you—take a survey of whatever there is of social or domestic unhappiness in the families to which you belong or among your kindred and acquaintance. Nine-tenths of it can be traced to no other cause than untrue, unkind or ungoverned speech.

"These thoughts point to the necessity of religion as the guiding, controlling element in con-

versation. All conversation ought to be religious. Not that I would have persons always talking on what are commonly called religious subjects. Let these be talked of at fitting times and places, but never obtrusively brought forward or thrust in. But cannot common subjects be talked of religiously? Cannot we converse about our plans, our amusements, our reading, nay, and our neighbors, too, and no sacred name be introduced, and yet the conversation be strictly religious? Yes, if throughout the conversation we own the laws of honesty, frankness, kind construction and sincere benevolence, if our speech be pure, true, gentle, dignified, if it seek or impart information that either party needs, if it cherish friendly feeling, if it give us kinder affections toward others, if it bring our minds into vigorous exercise, nay, if it barely amuse us, but not too long, and if the wit be free from coarseness and at no one's expense. But we should ever bear it in mind that our words are all uttered in the hearing of an unseen Listener and Judge. Could we keep this in remembrance there would be little in our speech that need give shame or pain. But that half-hour spent in holding up to ridicule one who has done you no harm—that breathless haste to tell the last piece of slander—you would not want to remember in your evening prayer. From the flippant, irresponsible, wasteful gossip, in which so much time is daily lost, you could not with a safe conscience look up and own an Almighty presence."

Nancy Needlework.

DESCRIPTION OF NEEDLEWORK ENGRAVINGS.

NO. 1. BORDER EMBROIDERY.—The border is suited for table-cover borders, tidies, cushion-covers or bands for ornamenting baskets, etc. The outer lines are of ornamented cord. The inner patterns are worked in satin and knot stitches with a couched edge.

NOS. 2, 4 AND 5.—BORDERS: ITALIAN STITCH AND DRAWN THREADS.—These borders are suitable for ornamenting tea-table covers, antimaccassars, curtains and Roman aprons of crash, linen or holland. The embroidery is worked with fine crewel or embroidery silk; the drawn threads are worked over with linen thread the same color as the canvas.

NOS. 8 AND 8.—CRAVAT, WITH EMBROIDERED ENDS.—The cravat is of Brussels net; the ends are ornamented with a design worked in linen flossette and Honiton insertion braid; the edges are finished with a kilting of Bretonne lace.

Materials required for a cravat: 1½ yards Brussels net 7 inches wide, 1 skein flossette, 1 skein nun's thread (No. 3), 5 yards Honiton insertion.

NOS. 4 AND 5.—See No. 2.

NOS. 6 AND 16. BORDERS: SATIN AND CORDING STITCHES.—These borders are worked in satin and cording stitches, with crewels or embroidery silk. They are suitable for ornamenting table-covers, tidies, curtains, etc.

No. 7.—INFANTS' BIB.—The bib is of white

cotton sateen, and is embroidered in fine washing crewels, with small floral sprays and a narrow border; it is edged with Madeira embroidery.

No. 8.—See No. 3.

NOS. 9, 12 AND 13. INFANTS' BASSINET.—The bassinet is composed of a hammock suspended by cords to iron hooks fixed in a wooden framework, as shown in No. 13; the hammock and framework are covered with a pretty floral-patterned cretonne arranged in puffings. The edge of the hammock is finished by a rich furniture cord, which is passed over the framework at the foot, and tied in loops, the ends being finished by handsome tassels. The rods at the bottom may be of polished wood or brass, with cord passed in and out, as shown in the illustration. The curtains are of canvas, ornamented with torchon lace and insertion; they are thrown over the pole at the top, the end of which is ornamented with cord and tassels.

No. 10. FASHIONABLE BUTTON.—The button is of oxidized silver, in the form of a shell.

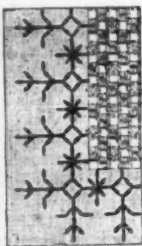
No. 11. COTTON BASKET.—A round wicker basket is used for this purpose; it is lined with gathered ruby satin, arranged to form a frill at the edge; the balls which form a fringe outside the basket are of crewels of various colors.

NOS. 12 AND 13.—See No. 9.

No. 14 BORDER: CROSS & FEATHER-STITCHES.—This border is worked on silk with embroidery silk of two colors; the cross-stitch is in the



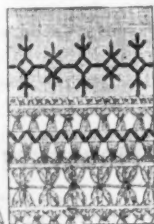
NO. 3.—BORDER: ITALIAN STITCH AND DRAWN THREADS.



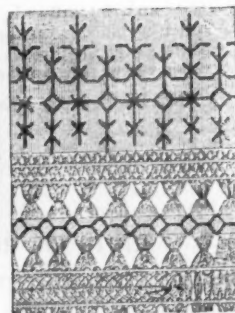
NO. 4.—BORDER: ITALIAN STITCH AND DRAWN THREADS.



NO. 5.—CHATEAU WITH ENBROIDERED SKIN.



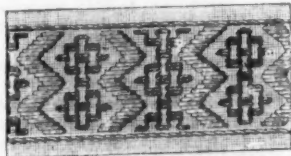
NO. 6.—BORDER: ITALIAN STITCH AND DRAWN THREADS.



NO. 7.—BORDER: ITALIAN STITCH AND DRAWN THREADS.



NO. 8.—BORDER: SATIN AND CORDING STITCH.



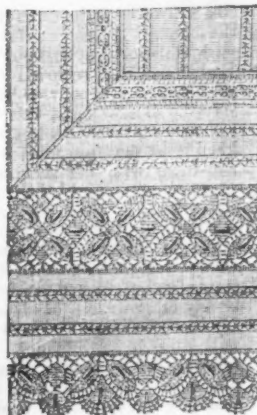
NO. 9.—BORDER: SATIN AND CORDING STITCH.



NO. 10.—FASHIONABLE DUTTON.



NO. 11.—INFANT'S DRESS.



NO. 12.—BORDER FOR CURTAINS OF NO. 12.



NO. 13.—FASHIONABLE DUTTON.



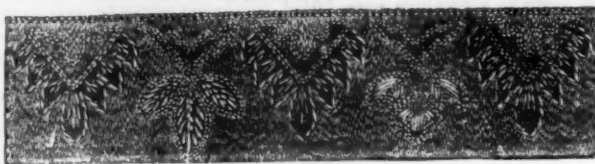
NO. 14.—HABINET WITHOUT DRAPEES.



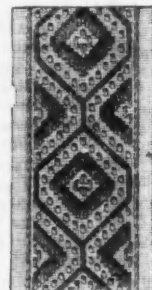
NO. 15.—COTTON-BASKET.



NO. 16.—BORDER: SATIN AND CORDING STITCHES.



NO. 17.—BORDER: SATIN AND CORDING STITCHES.



NO. 18.—BORDER: SATIN AND CORDING STITCHES.

light and the feather in the dark color. Canvas must be placed over the silk, the stitches worked through it; the threads of canvas are drawn away when the work is finished.

No. 15. BORDER: EMBROIDERY.—This border

is suitable to be used for ornamenting tidies, table-covers, etc.; it is worked in watered silk, with crewels of three colors, in satin, chain and cording stitches.

No. 16.—See No. 6.

Housekeepers' Department.

HINTS FOR HOUSEKEEPERS.

BOILING water will remove tea-stains and many fruit-stains; pour the water through the stain and thus prevent it spreading through the fabric. Ripe tomatoes will remove ink and other stains from white cloth; also from the hands. A teaspoonful of turpentine boiled with white clothes will aid the whitening process. Boiled starch is improved by the addition of a little spermaceti, or salt, or both, or gum arabic dissolved. Beeswax and salt will make flat-irons as smooth as glass; tie a lump of wax in a cloth, and keep it for that purpose; when the irons are hot, rub them with the wax rag, then scour with a paper or rag sprinkled with salt. Kerosene will soften boots or shoes hardened by water and render them as pliable as when new. Kerosene will make tin kettles as bright as new; saturate a woolen rag, and rub with it; it will also remove stains from varnished furniture. If a shirt-bosom, or any other article, has been scorched in ironing, lay it where bright sun will fall directly on it; it will take it entirely out. Fish may be scaled much easier by dipping them in boiling water for a minute. Cool rain-water and soda will remove machine grease from washable goods. Lamp wick dipped in hot vinegar before using is said to prevent offensive smell from lamps. Tortoiseshell and horn combs are preserved from cracking by being occasionally rubbed with oil. To remove oil spots from matting, counterpanes, etc., wet with alcohol, rub with hard soap, then wash with cold water. Half a dozen onions planted in the cellar, where they can get a little light, will do much toward absorbing and correcting the atmospheric impurities that are so apt to lurk in such places.

DISINFECTANTS.

MRS. DR. A. A. H. JACKSON, of De Land, Florida, makes some suggestions in the *Christian at Work* about disinfectants, which are worthy the attention of housekeepers. She says:

"The value of disinfectants to ward off disease cannot be over-estimated. A disinfectant of some kind should be in use in every family. A little chloride of lime thrown on the damp spots near your house where slops have been thrown will destroy all germs of disease. Few housekeepers are so neat but that there is a pest-hole somewhere. Sometimes it is in the corner where soiled clothes are kept for the weekly wash. I have seen some otherwise neat housekeepers that would sleep in a room where was a basket containing the soiled clothes of the entire family. Why, I would no more do it than I would swallow a dose of arsenic. A piece of cloth saturated with a little

carbolic acid and hung in different parts of a sick-room has proved an excellent disinfectant. A cheap disinfectant can be made by mixing one-half drachm nitrate lead dissolved in one pint boiling water, with one gallon salt and water of moderate strength.

"A French legend says: 'During the plague at Marseilles, a band of robbers plundered the dying and the dead without injury to themselves. They were imprisoned, tried and condemned to die, but were pardoned on condition of disclosing the secret whereby they could ransack houses infected with the terrible scourge. They gave the following receipt, which they used as a wash for the face and hands, before exposing themselves to any infection:

"Take of rosemary, wormwood, lavender, rue, sage and mint a large handful of each. Place in a stone jar, and turn over it one gallon of strong cider vinegar, cover closely and keep near the fire four days, then strain and add one ounce of powdered camphor gum. Bottle and keep tightly corked."

"It is very aromatic and refreshing in the sick-room, so if it can accomplish nothing more it is of great value to nurses.

"By means of the above receipt, I have been enabled to go among contagious fevers and diphtheria for the past three years, without either contracting the disease or bringing it home to the little ones."

WHITE AND RED MEATS.

WHITE meats contain a smaller percentage of nitrogenous substances than the red ones, and are therefore less nutritious. They are, however, as a rule, more digestible and so are well suited for invalids. The flesh of the common fowl and turkey are examples among birds. The flesh of reptiles, as that of the turtle—which is esteemed an article of luxury—of the batrachia, as frogs, and of fishes, except the salmon, of crustacea, as crabs, lobsters, shrimps, etc., of molluscs, as oysters and mussels, and even of lower animals, as sea-anemones, is included under this head. The flesh of most fish is very digestible, the chief exceptions being fish like the mackerel and the eel, of which the flesh contains a considerable proportion of fat. Generally speaking, the flesh of fish is more digestible when boiled or broiled than when fried, on account of the fat used in the latter process. The flesh of crabs and lobsters is too hard and closely packed to be easily digested; while oysters, if eaten raw, are exceedingly digestible, though when cooked they form a hard, leathery mass which resists the action of the gastric juice. Mussels, for some reason or another, occasionally have poisonous qualities; and the eating of almost

any shell-fish in excess is apt to produce disorders of the digestive apparatus, frequently accompanied with nettlerash on the surface of the body.

A SPONGE ORNAMENT.

A VERY pretty and refreshing ornament for a room may be made out of an old sponge or a large cheap new one. Having dipped it in warm water, squeeze out half the fluid and put into the holes the seeds of millet, barley, cress, purslane, red clover, grasses, and so on, according to taste. The seeds, however, should be such as will germinate easily and yield a variety of harmonious colors in their leafage. Place the sponge thus seeded on a vase, or hang it in a window, facing the sun. Sprinkle with water every morning during the week, and it will soon be green with vegetation.

RECIPES.

SWISS FRITTERS.—Cut the crumb of a French roll into square slices half an inch thick. Beat up an egg with a little nutmeg, cinnamon and sugar, and soak the slices of roll in the mixture. Then fry them till they be turned to a nice light brown.

A PLAIN PUDDING.—Weigh three quarters of a pound of any scraps of bread, crust or crumb, cut them into small pieces, and pour boiling water upon them, allowing them to become well soaked. After standing until the water be cool press it all out, and mash the bread smooth with the back of a spoon. Add a teaspoonful of powdered ginger, sweeten with moist sugar and add three-quarters of a pound of cleaned and well-picked cur-

rants. Mix well, butter a pan, and lay the mixture in it. Flatten all down with a spoon, lay some butter on the top, bake in a moderately hot oven and serve hot.

ORANGE PUDDING.—Peel and cut five oranges into thin slices, remove all the pips, pour over the slices a teacupful of white sifted sugar. Heat a pint of milk by letting it stand in a saucepan of boiling water; add the yolks of three eggs well beaten, and one tablespoonful of cornflour made smooth in a little cold milk. Stir all the time and as soon as thick pour over the fruit. Beat the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth; add a tablespoonful of sugar (white sifted), and pour it over the top for frosting. Set it in the oven to harden, then serve. Can be eaten either hot or cold.

RICE AND POTATOES.—Boil a breakfastcupful of rice; when done and strained perfectly dry, add the contents of an ordinary-sized tin of tomatoes, mix well, add a small piece of butter, pepper and salt to taste, and a little onion chopped very fine. Put this in a well-buttered pie-dish, cover with bread-crumbs, and put a few chips of butter here and there all over the top; bake in an oven until of a nice brown or gold color. Serve hot.

BEATEN POTATOES.—Boil large potatoes until soft, dry them on the fire and peel them; warm in a saucepan half a pint of rich, sweet milk, and two ounces of butter; put the potatoes after peeling them into a colander, and mash them through this into the milk and butter; add a teaspoonful of salt and a little pepper; with a wooden spaddle beat this mixture till it is dry and stiff, put it in a bowl and turn it out upon a dish in form; roughen the surface with a fork, brown it in the oven and serve hot.

Fashion Department.

FASHIONS FOR JUNE.

AND still few absolutely new styles are seen. Skirts continue short, even for full dress, trains being almost limited to brides' and bridesmaids' costumes. Short, bouffant draperies retain popularity, as do also straight back-breadths, puffed waists and puffed paniers, dividing favor with the older plain basque, long polonaises and apron-front overskirt.

The fashionable trimmings are heavy jet passementeries, black Spanish lace, French imitation thread lace, and a new ficelle or twine lace known as Medici's, for trimming light dresses. Of the black Spanish and French laces whole yards are used for flounces and garnitures, especially on black dress.

New black grenadines are made up in the most striking manner. A Worth dress of this description is made over white moiré, trimmed with Spanish lace and moiré ribbon. Another is made over green; still another over red, almost overloaded with jet, velvet or lace, relieved with ribbons or silk cords of the same color as the foundation silk. Whole dresses are also made of dif-

ferent kinds of net or lace, as black Spanish, or black satin, or cream-colored antique over blue satin Surah. But few ladies in this country care to wear anything so dashing as many of the new dresses of this order. A lady will be safe in having a short skirt of blue silk, satin or satin Surah, either entirely plain or finished around the hem with a narrow plaiting, either of the same material, or of lace; a skirt, bouffant polonaise of black grenadine or China crape, brocaded or plain, varied more or less from a strict fashionable style, according to her own taste, and a judicious finish of jet, lace ruches, velvet or bows of double-faced ribbon. A little gleam of color here and there in the shape of bows, revers or facings, is not objectionable. Two or three contrasting materials in one costume seem always stylish.

White woolly blankets are made up into wrappers for invalids and for bathing. The gray borders form the trimming.

In addition to the usual array of chintzes, etc., white striped and cross-barred muslins are used for house wrappers.

New black lace veils have borders. Some have round corners.

Large kerchiefs or small shawls of white em-

broidered mull, Japanese crape, or silk muslin will be worn again, as last summer, to take the place of collar and tie.

White muslin neckties are going out. The straight, plain, linen collar, with a ribbon necktie, is once more in vogue. The ribbons, from one to

two inches wide, are of satin, gross-grain or moiré, and are tied in front in a very large bow, with two long loops and two long ends. A new collar of lace and embroidery, is turned over, and opens at the side instead of in front. It is fastened with a small bow at the side.

Notes and Comments.

Education.

WE have received from the Bureau of Education, Washington, D. C., a number of pamphlets containing information likely to prove of value to those interested in educational subjects. From the great amount of matter before us we compile the following, as being probably useful to some of our readers:

Despite the frequent criticisms that the public schools of our land are not doing all the good they might, experience and testimony favor the belief that they are accomplishing fully as much as could be expected, taking into consideration all the circumstances. With all their faults, they are still the hope of our country. One great reason for their apparent inefficiency is, parents themselves do not take in the schools the interest that they ought, and blame others for what is really due to their own neglect. Intelligent co-operation among parents, teachers and directors will work more improvement than almost any elaborate system of school reform, however desirable it may appear on paper.

The new theory of teaching trades in the public schools will be found untenable, for various reasons. First, such a system would shorten the time available for a plain, English education, such as every child needs, whatever his future vocation may be. Second, it would turn out a number of theoretically-trained mechanics, to compete with skilled workmen, with the result that the former would suffer from limited opportunities of obtaining employment; the latter from almost inevitable reduction of wages. Third, to teach a few trades, to the exclusion of others, would be unfair, and it would be found practically impossible to give instruction in three or four hundred handicrafts in our schools. The foundation by the government of separate technical schools or educational shops, into which pupils of the public schools could pass after completing their other studies, just as, under ordinary circumstances, they would begin to learn any business, is another matter. Such establishments, however, have always been conducted by private enterprise and perhaps they always will be. But it is right to raise a trade to the dignity of a branch of education. Man is more than a mere machine, and the day is past when muscle should be made to do what steam can do even better. Brains should rule over all departments of life, instead of, as they have done heretofore, over some only. The real solution of the problem is, first train the mind and then consider the question of employment for the hands.

Statistics forcibly show that education tends to prevent crime. Of all the prisoners confined

in penitentiaries the great majority cannot read, while those who can barely do so, and perhaps sign their names, form another large proportion; and of those who have received a fair education the number is very small. The best friend of education does not claim that it is an unfailing antidote to evil, or that an educated man is not sometimes the greater criminal; but he does that ignorance is the mother of vice, and that, in so far as ignorance is conquered, just so far are the chances increased for the growth of an industrious, virtuous, law-abiding community.

One pamphlet strikes us like a note of warning. It calls attention to the prevalence of near-sightedness, deafness and bad teeth among the pupils of our schools. The last two evils are more frequent than the majority of parents and teachers suppose. Children are often reproved and punished for stupidity and inattention, who are in reality suffering from partial deafness. Perfectly sound teeth among school children are the exception rather than the rule, and general ill-health may be traced to defective teeth in a great proportion of cases. Let parents, then, see to it that their children are physically well, and have all eyes, and ears and teeth carefully examined. The last should be cleaned and filled as soon and as often as necessary. It is very seldom that a tooth needs to be sacrificed, if cared for in time, and teeth once lost can never be replaced, for artificial teeth are at best but poor substitutes. It is suggested that competent physicians and dentists be employed to attend to children whose parents cannot afford to give them proper medical treatment, such physician or dentist to be a regular member of every school board.

We will add the following as incidentally coming under the head of education and also suggestive in itself:

Schools of forestry exist in nearly all European countries, in which are taught botany, tree-culture, the laws governing the growth of forests, the care of game, birds, etc., to the end that the forests of those thickly-settled regions may be preserved from destruction. In this country we have scarcely any need for such schools, and yet it has been found that with all our vast woodlands, their wanton destruction has been permitted to such an extent that, if unchecked, their final disappearance is but a question of time. With the loss of our forests will follow the dying-out of valuable birds and animals, the diminishing of our streams, and a change in the scenery, climate and productiveness of our land. Proper knowledge upon the subject, to prevent such disastrous results, must be disseminated by some means, and our public schools form a most effective one. Let school children learn that while it takes but a

few hours to destroy a tree, it requires many years for one to grow. Let them be encouraged to love the woods, and to plant trees about their schools and homes and along the roadsides. Let them learn that it is more noble to uphold than to pull down. In few ways can one form an attachment to his own native place, his own country, so surely as by loving its vegetation. Perhaps the average American would not so ruthlessly sacrifice his ancestral homestead if he tended the trees and shrubbery around it with half the care and pride that his father did. But it is not only for the conservation of the natural beauty and fertility of our country that we must look to tree-culture and an appreciation thereof—we must look to them for the redemption of the vast, timberless wastes that lie within our borders. When Congress or State Legislature offers a premium for planting trees in treeless districts, those who hope to profit thereby must know how to cultivate the most valuable kinds and what these are. No doubt that the science of forestry, rightfully applied, will yield large returns.

The Blind.

MR. EDITOR: In the April number of *ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE* appears a reprint of a circular giving some statistics relating to the blind. It occurred to your correspondent that perhaps some of the readers of the magazine might be interested in learning something further regarding the inmates of the Pennsylvania Institution for the Blind.

Quite recently, I attended one of the weekly concerts given in the hall of the Institution, Twentieth and Race Streets. The programme, too long to quote entire, was varied and entertaining, consisting of music by the orchestra, organ voluntaries, and solo and chorus singing. Between the two parts of the concert, the Principal of the school explained the method of instruction pursued, and illustrated his remarks by calling upon his pupils to answer.

Reading is taught by means of books printed in raised letters, which the pupil feels with his or her hand. From the classes of girls seated upon the left of the stage, the teacher led forward a little one, who read quite distinctly a portion of a Psalm. Arithmetic, through the fundamental rules, is imparted with box-slates, provided with movable figures like types. Examples in the higher mathematics are done mentally. Another little girl was now brought forward to perform a multiplication example, while a young man stepped out and solved a problem in square root. The blind write with lead-pencils, also with pin-types. The latter are blocks of wood into which are pressed the points of ordinary pins in the shapes of letters, so that a blind person may actually print what he desires to say. The advantage claimed for pin-type over lead-pencil is, by the use of the former the blind can read what they have written, but employing the latter, they cannot. Instruction in geography is given with the help of globes and maps, having raised surfaces to represent land, and depressions, water.

In addition to the ordinary school-studies, pupils are instructed in vocal and instrumental music, unless they show a decided incapacity. The Blind Asylum is noted for the great number of profes-

sional musicians graduated, including competent pianists, organists and players in orchestras. Furthermore, every inmate is taught a variety of useful employments. Among these are chair-caning, carpet-weaving, brush-making and piano-tuning, while the girls learn to operate on the sewing-machine, to knit, crochet, embroider and do the most curious, intricate bead-work.

As pupils of the Institution grow older, if they do not find homes or suitable situations elsewhere, they may pass into the Industrial Homes for Blind Men and Women, where they can support themselves by the trades learned in their earlier days.

All who visit the commodious Institution and inspect its pleasant rooms and some of the beautiful work displayed therein, will find themselves well repaid. Especially will they enjoy attending one of the concerts, held every Wednesday afternoon at 3 o'clock. Admission, 10 cents. Those who feel inclined to stay away merely on account of a sentimental fear that the poor unfortunates may not be pleasant sights, may cast aside every such idea. The blind are nice-looking, well-dressed and happy, some so attractive in appearance that a casual observer would never think that their eyes were useless. A visit to the Institution is especially recommended to those who have blind friends, and who would like to learn of all the means whereby they may possibly be benefited.

FANNIE.

Drinking Men as Railroad Employes.

WE see it stated in a newspaper paragraph that "The Erie Railroad Company has concluded to discharge every employé who is addicted to the use of liquor, whether he ever gets drunk or not." And it is further stated, that "a number have already been removed, the rule applying to every class of employes, from track-men up."

If this be really true, it shows that the Directors of the Erie Railroad not only have a just regard for the safety of the passengers and property intrusted to their charge, but, recognizing an element of danger, have determined, in their efforts to secure the highest degree of safety, to remove that element.

It needs no argument to show that a drinking man is an unsafe man for a position where a clear head and steady nerves are required. A glass too much, or a glass too little, in the case of a moderate-drinking engineer, or other railroad employé who holds a place in which prompt and intelligent action in frequently-occurring emergencies is required, may confuse the brain, or leave it slow to act. To this cause, doubtless, if investigation were made in the right direction, many, if not most of the railroad accidents that occur might be traced. And not only accidents on railroads, but in every other department of industry where personal safety depends on the intelligent care of those who have charge of engines, machinery and the various mechanical appliances which are comparatively safe under ordinary conditions, but which carelessness or defect of skill may suddenly change into instruments of destruction.

No, a drinking man is not a safe man to trust in any position where a clear head and steady nerves are required. And the sooner a fact so patent to

every one is made the basis of an inflexible rule by corporations and others who set men in responsible positions, where human lives are at risk, the better it will be for the public.

A Magazine for the Blind.

AMONG our advertisements will be found the prospectus of *Knives' Philadelphia Magazine for the Blind*, published semi-monthly by N. B. Knives, Jr., at 1116 Market Street, Philadelphia, price \$3.50 a year. It is printed in raised letters such as the blind use—reading by the touch. The publisher is himself blind and sets up the type himself. The magazine contains from time to time, extracts from the periodical literature of the day. We second the suggestions made by the publisher in his prospectus, that persons not deprived of sight should subscribe for the magazine, if able to do so, and send it to some poor blind man or woman.

Publishers' Department.

ITS CLAIMS RECOGNIZED.

Both the general public and the medical profession are beginning to recognize the fact that there is in the substance which is called Compound Oxygen, an active principle, which, when introduced into the system by inhalation, gives a new impulse to all the nerve-forces. They are coming to understand that it is not to be classed with any of the drug-compounds, nostrums, or patent medicines by which the people are deceived and too often injured. The rapidly accumulating evidence in its favor, seen in the restored health of scores and hundreds of persons who have been invalids for years, gives an argument which cannot be resisted. As will be seen by referring to fourth cover page, this number of HOME MAGAZINE, physicians in various parts of the country are accepting the claims of this newly-discovered chemical agent and resorting to its use in cases where their skill and medicines fail to cure.

CAN'T COOK AS MOTHER DID.—How many a young wife's heart is saddened and happiness scattered because she cannot "cook as mother did." It is strange, sadly strange, and yet we all know it is true. How many a time has the tender-hearted reporter felt his soul bursting with grief as he told the harrowing story of some poor, suffering woman, whose cheerful sunshine had turned to dismal darkness just because she could not "cook as mother did." And how it delights the heart of the reporter when he chances to hear of one devoted young wife who is rescued from the gloomy fate of so many, in a manner so simple and easy that the only wonder is that all are not saved. This one to whom he now refers was led a blushing and blooming bride, but a few short weeks ago, to the altar by one of our most promising and prominent young men. He promised to do everything in his power to make her happy, but in an evil hour he made the dangerous discovery that she could not "cook as mother did." He told her so, and from that hour the life-light of happiness began to die out in her once radiant eyes. The bloom that put to shame the fancied perfection of

the rose departed from her cheek, the voice that welcomed him to a happy heart and home grew silent as the grave, and the young husband saw that something must be done soon. He asked the sorrowful wife why she was so sad, and she told him because she could not "cook as his mother did," but if she had *Royal Baking Powder* he could say so no longer. Like a sensible fellow, he ordered a dozen boxes at once, and now he says he is afraid that his wife will raise the roof off the house some day, but he don't care, for she is happy.

A NOVELTY in summer books will be shortly published in the shape of *Summer Gleanings*, by Rose Porter.

To each day of the summer months has been given an appropriate selection in somewhat the style of the birthday book. On each page of the book a space for pressed flowers, another for daily jottings, and a third for pen or pencil sketch have been left, and the paper is of a character suitable for these.

The book will be bound in several attractive styles, and will be published by WHITE & STOKES, NEW YORK.

THE "Novelty Corset Company," of New York, are pushing their DOUBLE HIP PERFECT FITTING WOVEN CORSET, as its success with all those who have ever used it assures the manufacturers of its hearty reception and indorsement by the ladies of the country. It is pronounced the best woven corset manufactured. For full particulars see their advertisement on third cover page.

NOTHING ever can give such entire satisfaction for toilet use as Pearl's White Glycerine, and Pearl's White Glycerine Soap.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

3 Most Beautiful Advertising Cards ever seen, given with a copy of None Such Baking Powder Recipe Book for 25 cts. in stamps. (In using other baking powder with these Recipes take $\frac{1}{4}$ or $\frac{1}{2}$ more powder than the recipe calls for.)

GEO. C. HANFORD, Syracuse, N. Y.

50 Album, Floral, Bow, Art Chromo, &c. Cards with name, in case, 10c. 40 New and Elegant Chromos, with name, 10c. VANN & CO., Fair Haven, Ct. 1-6.

LADIES desiring to add to their personal beauty and charms can unquestionably do so by using

Champlin's Liquid Pearl.

It not only removes every blemish, but gives a glow and bloom to the complexion. It is absolutely harmless. Ladies of Fashion give to it the highest recommendation. Send for testimonials. Ask your druggist for it and take no other. Beware of imitations. 50c a bottle.

CHAMPLIN & CO., Props., Buffalo, N. Y.

\$777 a Year and expenses to agents. Outfit free. Address P. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Me.

BEATTY'S ORGANS 27 stops, \$90. Pianos \$125 up. Factory running day and night. Papers free. Address, DANIEL F. BEATTY, Washington, N. J.

1000 HOME TESTIMONIALS, from cures of Nervous Debility, Rheumatism, Blood, Kidneys. A specialty by Dr. FITLER, 909 Walnut St., Phila. Sent by mail free.

\$66 a week in your own town. Terms and \$5 outfit free. Address H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Me.

\$30 Per Week can be made in any locality. Something entirely new for agents. \$5 outfit free. G. W. INGRAHAM & CO., Boston, Mass.



WHAT IS HEADACHE?

In nine cases out of ten, the source of headache is not in the brain, but in the stomach. Indigestion is the most frequent cause. The digestive organs being disordered, they derange the action of the liver, the bowels, the kidneys and the nerves, and the whole secretive and excretive machinery being, as it were, thrown out of gear, the brain suffers. Restore the natural tone of the stomach and bowels with a few doses of TARRANT'S EFFERVESCENT SELTZER APERIENT, and headache arising from this cause is at once arrested. This delightful preparation is the best remedy for chronic and periodical headache at present known, and absolutely invaluable as a stomach and gentle cathartic.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

THE CHICKERING PIANO

"THE BEST IN THE WORLD."

Before buying elsewhere, write for circular and price list to

CHICKERING & SONS,
CHICKERING HALL, MANUFACTORY,
130 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. 156 Tremont St., Boston.



HARBACH'S HARMONETTE
NEW MUSICAL WONDER. ONLY
In Handsome Walnut Case
Simplest in the World. **\$5**
Elegant, Melodious, Powerful, 16 Notes. Plays
any Tune. Music &c. a foot. More
Condensed and Cheaper than any
other. Musical Wonder Catalogue Free
HARBACH ORGANINA CO.
809 Filbert St., Philadelphia.

**A KEY THAT AND NOT
WILL WIND ANY WATCH WEAR OUT.**
SOLD by Watchmakers. By mail, 30 cts. Circulars
FREE J. S. BIRCH & CO., 38 Dey St., N. Y.

PRINTING PRESSES.

75 cents to \$175. Circulars free. Book of Type, 10 cents.
40 kinds of cards, 10 cts. Printers' Instruction Book, 15
cts. **JOSEPH WATSON, 19 Murray St., New York.**

Parker's HairBalsam

The Best, Cleanest &
Most Economical Hair
Dressing. Never fails
to restore youthful color
to gray hair.
50c. and \$1.00.



PARKER'S GINGER TONIC

Ginger, Buchu, Mandrake, and many of the best medicines known are here combined into a medicine of such varied powers, as to make it the greatest Blood Purifier and The Best Health and Strength Restorer Ever Used. It cures Complaints of Women, and diseases of the Stomach, Bowels, Lungs, Liver and Kidneys, and is entirely different from Litters, Ginger Essences, and other Tonics, as it never intoxicates. 50c. and \$1.00.
Flavor & Co., Chemists, N. Y. Large saving by the \$1.00.

FLORESTON COLOGNE

A delicate and exquisitely fragrant perfume, with exceptionally lasting properties.
50c. and 75c. sizes.

BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

ARE MORE FREQUENTLY KNOWN AS SUCH BY AN ELEGANT FIGURE THAN A PRETTY FACE, AND MANY LADIES BY USING AN ILL SHAPED CORSET DESTROY THE SYMMETRY OF THEIR OTHERWISE SHAPELY FIGURE. ALL LADIES WHO HAVE ANY REGARD FOR THEIR PERSONAL APPEARANCE WILL

WEAR THE DOUBLE HIP PERFECT FITTING WOVEN CORSET.

This being a woven corset, made in one piece, containing 100 Bones woven diagonally in the body of the corset, retains its shape under all circumstances, at the same time yielding to all the motions of the wearer. This is the only corset manufactured that can make good this claim.

It is a new invention of
THE NOVELTY CORSET WORKS, N. Y.
who are its sole manufacturers.

EVERY LADY WHO HAS EVER WORN ONE, OR DESIRES A SHAPELY FIGURE, WILL ASK FOR AND

Insist upon having the DOUBLE HIP PERFECT FITTING WOVEN CORSET.

PRICE,
\$1.50

For sale by all dealers in the U. S. Sent by mail, post-paid, on receipt of price.



REPORTS FROM PHYSICIANS

WHO ARE USING COMPOUND OXYGEN IN THEIR PRACTICE.

There are few if any physicians who do not meet with cases in their practice which they cannot cure. From many of these we are in the constant receipt of letters, submitting cases and making inquiries in regard to our new treatment. The rational theory upon which this treatment is based, when carefully considered, rarely fails to commend itself to thinking men in the profession; while results, fully authenticated by indisputable evidence in hundreds of instances, furnish evidence strong enough to convince even the most stubborn incredulity. The natural consequence is that a great many physicians are giving Compound Oxygen a trial in some of their desperate cases—a severe trial, as may be readily inferred. From some of these we get reports of good results; from others we never hear again; and from others we get repeated orders for the Treatment, but no report of what it is doing. The silence maintained in these latter cases can readily be accounted for. A physician who tries a mode of treatment not recognized by the school to which he belongs, does not usually care to have the fact known by his professional brethren, and will be chary of making any favorable report likely to gain general publicity. Again, there may be entertained reasonable doubts whether or not the treatment is to be entirely credited with the improvement which has appeared. Silence in either case is easier than making a report, and will be considered by the majority of physicians as the most prudent course.

Still there are many physicians who, after a trial of Compound Oxygen, report to us the result; and their number is increasing. Some of these are strongly outspoken in their commendation of the new treatment. We make some extracts from letters recently received, withholding for obvious reasons both names and residences. Writing of one of his patients, a physician says:

"Mrs. — thinks she could not get along without it, she being subject to *congestion and weakness of the lungs, which the Oxygen relieves at once*. I find it very efficient in allaying congestion, and, I think, preventing inflammation of the lungs."

This is strong testimony, coming as it does from a physician who has used Compound Oxygen in his treatment of lung diseases. Another physician, now somewhat advanced in years, writes us that on account of his age he is about giving up a general practice, and limiting himself to the treatment of chronic cases. Having tested the merits of Compound Oxygen sufficiently to be satisfied of its great efficiency in a class of diseases which ordinary medical treatment fails to reach, he proposes to make use of it in his special practice. In the case of this physician, the evidence in favor of our new Treatment was so direct and personal in its character as to set all doubts aside, as will be seen in the following, written to us January 27th, 1882:

"My brother writes me that he has gained in weight some sixteen pounds since the 1st of October

last. Feels as strong as a young Samson, or a yoke of oxen. Has an excellent appetite and a good digestion. Bowels regular, and the tawny or yellowish color of the skin has disappeared almost entirely. The cough and expectoration reduced to less than nine-tenths of what it was six months ago—or at the time when he began the Compound Oxygen Treatment. He says, that in all of his long life (above 71 years), he never enjoyed a better class of good feelings. He has no pain anywhere, save some of a neuralgic character in his left arm and shoulder. *Sleeps as calmly as an infant from 10 o'clock P. M. until 5 o'clock A. M., every night.*"

From another physician we have the following:

"My son, to whom you sent a Treatment for nervous prostration from over-study, has entirely recovered, notwithstanding he has kept up with his studies. K— is keeping up well, and N— is constantly improving."

Our next extract from a physician's letter is very emphatic in its indorsement of Compound Oxygen, as by its use the writer's mother was restored to comparative health, a result which he frankly states could not, in his belief, have been attained by any other known remedy:

"I am happy," he says, "to state progress in the case of my mother. She is steadily improving and is very happy at the change. Her health and strength are daily increasing, and her nights are free from pain. She coughs less, and that which still remains seems to be more from bronchial irritation than otherwise. * * * My friend, Dr. —, tells me his father is improving under the Compound Oxygen Treatment."

Later, he wrote:

"My mother is constantly improving, and I am sure the Oxygen is the only known remedy that could have produced such results. Had I only known of your Treatment while my father was alive, I feel almost confident he would not have died. His complaint was Quick Consumption."

The following frank and manly letter from a physician in Minnesota, tells how the writer failed to reach, with any known remedy, a case of Pulmonary Consumption, and gave the patient over to die. But the patient procured the Oxygen Treatment, and did not die, and is to-day, says the physician, "much better than I ever expected to see him." As a conscientious medical practitioner, he feels it wrong not to give his patients the benefit of an agent which can effect such cures as are being made by our new Treatment. He writes to us:

"I confess, after having read your pamphlet, to a strong desire to know something more about the action of your discovery than I now do. I am compelled to believe your cures and amelioration of cases, because a patient of mine was running down steadily from phthisis, under my treatment, and according to my advice, he left this city to go to his old home, where I fully expected he would die; but he didn't. He took your remedy, and to-day he is much better than I ever expected to see him. And I know of others who have used your Compound Oxygen with benefit. These facts being presented to me in a way which I cannot deny, I seek further information at your hands, concerning an agent that I think I am doing wrong not to give my patients the benefit of using."

Our Treatise on Compound Oxygen is sent free of charge. It contains a history of the discovery, nature and action of this new remedy, and a record of many of the remarkable results which have so far attended its use.

Also sent free, "Health and Life," a quarterly record of cases and cures under the Compound Oxygen Treatment.

DEPOSITORY ON PACIFIC COAST.—H. E. Mathews, 606 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California, will fill orders for the Compound Oxygen Treatment on Pacific Coast.

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